

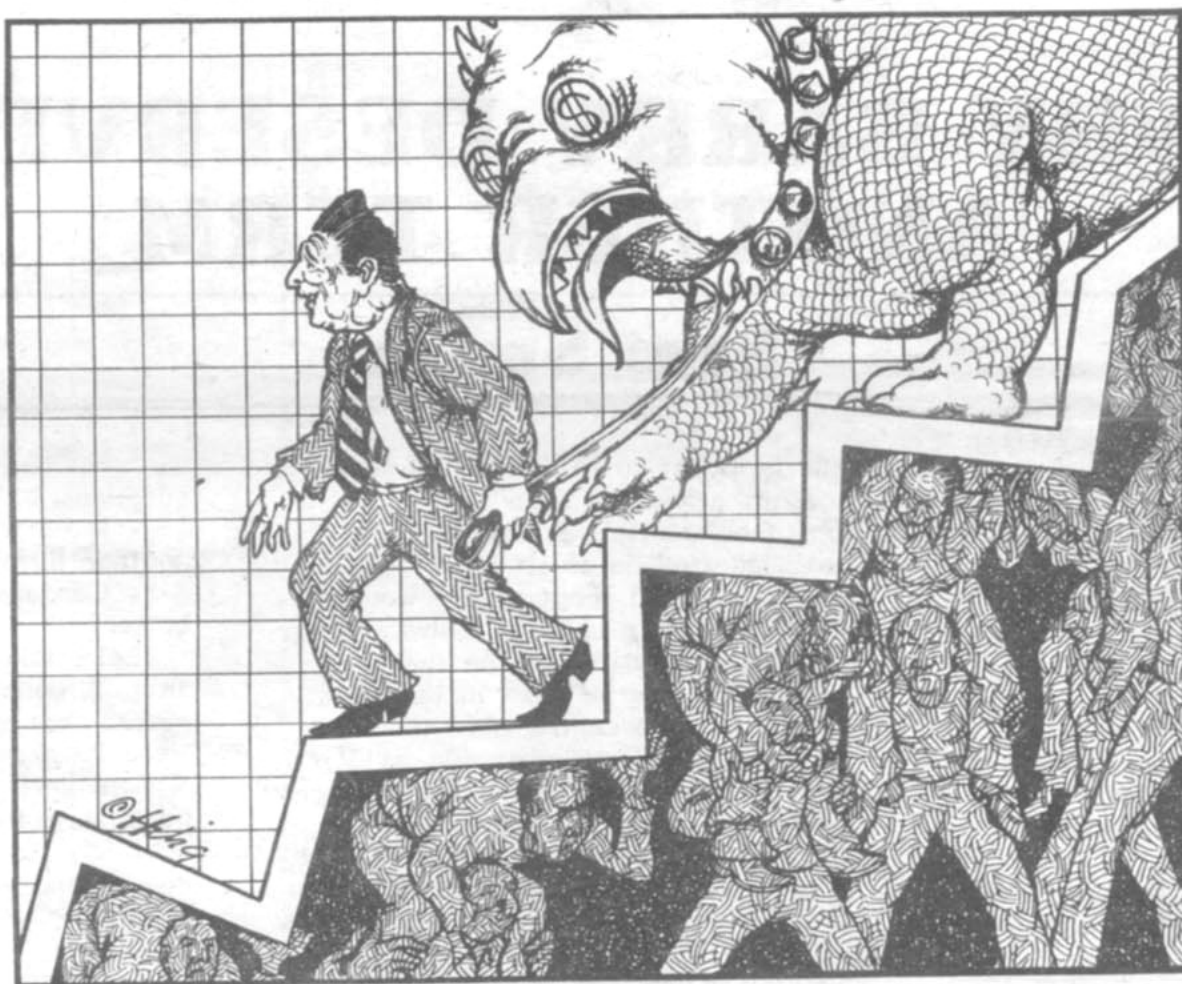
The DC Gazette

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Whole Number 221

WHY BARRY DESERVES ANOTHER TERM



TULI: UNDERGROUND LEGEND



THE CART A SHORT STORY





WHY BARRY DESERVES ANOTHER TERM

Sam Smith

With no few reservations and some trepidation, I've decided to stick with Barry. The Gazette has been a consistent and substantive critic of the mayor and, frankly, the same will likely be true next term as well.

Yet the Gazette has also found occasions, in violation of the contentious spirit that guides this journal, to praise the mayor because, in truth, he been a good mayor -- albeit with numerous flaws. These occasions have not been as frequent as the mayor deserved, in large part because compliments make dull reading and

this is meant to be a lively monthly and not a Kiwanis Club luncheon. The job of columnists, Eugene McCarthy has suggested, is to sit on the hillside and shoot at the wounded after the battle is over. I always keep my Uzzi typewriter at the ready.

For someone of such inclinations, elections are uncomfortable times -- moments when one must ask, as Jerry Brown did as he toured a Maryland waste disposal plant during the 1976 campaign, "What is the inner meaning of all this?" One must, finally, weigh the easily discerned errors and failures against the less noted and often ignored virtues and achievements. Having proved that, for example, Marion Barry is indeed human and less than what we have hoped or expected,

we must now deal with more difficult questions:

- Is he therefore undeserving of another term?
- Can any of his opponents do better?

Let's take the second question first. A couple of issues ago, I suggested that the three best candidates were Barry, Betty Ann Kane and John Wilson. John Wilson has dropped out so now there are two.

Betty Ann Kane would make a decent and good mayor, too. But after watching the campaign for several months, it does not appear that she has been able to establish a clear moral, political or administrative superiority over the mayor. Besides, having been numbered among the admirers of both Barry and Kane, I know that Kane's supporters tend to be far less critical of their candidate than are those who support Barry. Yet there are negative aspects to the Kane campaign:

- Barry's excessive closeness to downtown development interests is echoed, to some degree at least, by Kane's closeness to the real estate industry. One can argue that Kane has merely attempted to insert a bit of balance into matters such as rent control, but the political fact is that the result has drawn her into proximity (and perhaps dependency?) upon a special interest which is not one of the city's more enlightened.

- Kane's support of the mandatory sentencing initiative suggests that she will support anti-progressive legislation if it seems politically attractive enough.

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• Kane has not yet presented a coherent picture of how she would run the DC government. There has been a somewhat ad hoc character to Kane's activities on the council, whereas Barry at the same point in his career had developed a philosophy as well as a collection of laws. Correct water bills do not an urban policy make.

To their credit, Democrat John Ray and Republican Jim Champagne have seemed to take seriously the non-incumbent's responsibility to detail how things would be different under their administration. Kane's campaign has verged on the carping.

• I am not at all convinced that Kane, should she be elected, would get the DC government bureaucracy to carry out her program. Anyone familiar with how these bureaucracies operate (Marion Barry, for example) knows the vast number of techniques the system can use to avoid the direction of its leadership. It is difficult to perceive of Kane matching even Barry's flawed ability in this regard.

Barry's candidacy, of course, has serious limitations, too. Let's look at the substantive ones:

First, there are those instances in which Barry, at least implicitly, misled voters whose support he garnered in his initial campaign for mayor. Three stand out: the Georgetown waterfront, his turn-about on hotel expansion into residential neighborhoods and Rhodes Tavern. Whatever rhetoric the mayor may now use to excuse himself, the fact remains that those voters who feel double-crossed on these issues do so with no small amount of merit.

Secondly, there were those issues on which he did not mislead the voters but about which he was wrong anyway: the convention center, downtown development policy, and the excessive cutting of funds for recreation and libraries belong in this category. Again, no excuses. He was wrong.

Thirdly, there are those issues that should have been important during his tenure but weren't: how to pay for Metro, getting a commuter tax, and increasing self-government. Here his nonfeasance seems almost perfectly matched by his opponents; they are not talking about such things either.

Finally, there are those issues of less significance but which have a political impact that Barry seems to have consistently underrated: two glaring examples are the city's parking enforcement program (try to find Barry supporters among those who have been towed away) and the water bill rhubarb. These fall into the

category of failings of political priority and judgement, but to place them on the same level as, say, housing policy, seems faintly obscene.

Beyond these issues, we have the problem of a mayor who don't talk too good, who lacks the Ward Four patina, who brags too much, who occasionally confuses strong-arming with leadership, and who acts like a bigger shot than he is. Such traits are the bane of any campaign manager, a feast for the press, and an unnecessary impediment in dealing with substantive issues. But they are, finally, stylistic and not substantive issues.

Against this negative list, consider the following:

• Barry, despite bad economic times and the federal budget squeeze, has an extremely impressive record of not only improving the city's fiscal situation but our ability to know what it is. He has, to be sure, played this record in a rather heavy-handed way to his own advantage, particularly in attempting to keep the city council out of the act as much as possible, but I have yet to see a politician who can bake a cake and not lick off half the icing before it's served.

• He has reduced the size of the DC bureaucracy. Many of us have yelled about this for years. Barry has done it. And he has achieved a more rational size for the city government with sufficient political acumen to keep the unions from going bananas.

• He has been remarkably successful in keeping a deeply antagonistic federal administration off our backs and maintaining civil relations on the Hill -- not through toadying, but through good politics. Last year, for example, the city got the full amount of the authorized federal payment for the first time since home rule. His handling of the feds has been first-rate.

• He has made numerous management improvements in the DC government that have been lost in the uproar over water bills, including a reduced AFDC payment error rates, faster auto renewals, reduced city energy consumption, improved revenue collections, and, in fact, improvements in water billing.

The finance department is certainly better than it was under the Washington administration. There appears to have been some improvement in human services management and, including the handling of water bills, the environmental services department is better than in the prior administration.

• Contrary to what appears to be a popular perception based largely on

the crime rate (which is probably being more affected by economic conditions than any other factor), there have been improvements in the police department. The mere acceptance by the police of citizen participation in crime prevention (i.e. through the crime watches) is a major step forward. So is a civilian review board and the mayor's recently launched program of targeting repeat offenders.

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in service (most notably the fire, library and recreation departments), the deterioration seems due to a misplaced distribution of budget cuts rather than mismanagement.

The idea that Barry is incompetent at managing the city simply flies in the face of facts. He is still has a long way to go, but he has improved things substantially. And there is no evidence -- repeat none -- that has been yet presented that indicates that Patricia Harris could hold a candle to Barry in such matters. The mere fact that Harris seems to think that working as a bureaucrat for a president is comparable to being mayor shows she really doesn't understand the job.

- One of major campaign issues Barry used when he first ran for mayor was the abominable status of the city's housing program. Now everyone seems to have forgotten about Lorenzo Jacobs, but the fact is that the city's housing programs are not an issue in this campaign because Barry did something about them, including the construction of over 6000 housing units, and the tenant purchase of over 3000 units that have occurred with the aid of his administration. Admittedly, public housing has been badly short-changed but overall, once again, things are better.

- The Barry administration has had an outstanding record of appointing women and minorities to important positions and in making sure that all wards are fairly represented on boards and commissions.

- While the Barry administration has been far too close to the downtown developers, it should be also noted that Barry has shown far more interest in economic development elsewhere in the city than did his predecessor.

- Finally, Barry is perhaps the most politically progressive mayor of any major American city. To punish him for not being more than that seems unfair and unrealistic.

§

When you add the virtues and the failings of the Barry administration

together, you have to conclude that, overall, progress has been made and progress within the tolerance that one can reasonably expect from a modern American mayor. This is a season when many voters go out savior-hunting, but the species, if it ever existed, is extinct. One might as well spend your time on the scent of the snark. I think it would be more fruitful to stick with the mayor.

Besides, we have in Marion Barry something that voters should appreciate but -- because of the dominant political mythology-- don't. Barry is a very political creature. If you make enough noise he will react. One of the more progressive members of the city council who will be supporting the mayor told me why: "I

know how to beat up on Marion. I don't know how to move Betty Ann Kane."

Some, like those supporting more school funding, have been successful at it. Others, like those supporting Rhodes Tavern, haven't. But how would any of them fare against a recalcitrant Patricia Harris? Or even Betty Ann Kane?

So I'll be sticking with Barry, at least until someone shows me a lot better reasons than have been so far offered not to, and I'll be yelling at him too. It's the natural relationship between the public and the politician. Anyone out there who thinks there's someone else in the race who won't make them mad when they get to the fifth floor of the District Building is

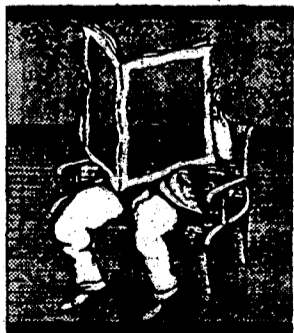
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in for a big disappointment. As I wrote at the beginning of Marion's term, we're not electing a pope. Only a mayor.

The Ward 3 campaign

Polly Shackleton has, over the years, performed many services for the city and her ward, and performed them well. But increasingly she has become an almost neutral factor in many of the big battles people in the ward have had to fight. The problem seems to be in part that she is so self-consciously political that she seems to be taking a mental poll before she utters each word. She doesn't like to get the middle of fights which find potential supporters divided or which would put her into conflict with the mayor or some of her councilmanic colleagues.

As a result, Polly has seemed at times semi-dormant. Issues such as school funding, recreation cuts, Reno Road, and development plans come and go and people in the midst of the fray learn, sooner or later, that Polly can't be counted on for much help. She wants to see how it's going to come out first.

There's too much going on in Ward Three for the area to have such an ineffective voice. Fortunately, both opponents of Shackleton in the Ward Three Democratic race would be an improvement. Ruth Dixon is a fairly conventional League of Women Voters -- community activist sort who is intelligent and competent. But for my money, the best choice is Mark Plotkin who has the kind of energy and philosophy the ward needs.

In contrast with the Shackleton finger-to-the-wind style, Plotkin wants people to know where he stands on an issue but also that they can talk to him (something else that a number of Ward Three activist have noted is a problem with Polly).

Plotkin has been most recently in the forefront of a battle against the C&P phone company and its outrageous plan for "measured rate" service. Plotkin understands not just the economic implications of this move, but the social effect of putting a price tag on local phone conversations. He has also advocated, rightly so, that Public Services Commission members be elected rather than appointed.

Plotkin is for statehood, continued rent control, and against condominium conversion.

Although he initially he came out in favor of mandatory sentencing he has backed off after being convinced by law enforcement experts that it doesn't work the way some politicians would have us believe it does. He doesn't make an elaborate excuse for his change of heart, simply that when he read criticisms of the plan, he investigated it further and came to a new conclusion. It's nice to see a politician change his mind when faced with facts.

His other crime proposals make a lot more sense. He is rightly

concerned about the policies of the parole board, one of the less-noted keys to an effective justice system.

As a former school teacher he is strongly behind adequate funding for the public schools and as a former youth who remembers "one very rough summer when the playground kept me going," he is deeply disturbed by cuts in the recreation department.



CITY TALK

From Arrington Dixon, candidate for re-election as chair of the city council:

Washington is an old city, with an old city's problems. But self-government for Washingtonians is still new—barely past its infancy. It was only seven years ago that our first elected D.C. Council convened and the District began its departure from a past of semi-colonial dependency.

During those seven-years, there have been times in this Council and elsewhere in city government when home rule truly has displayed the traits and troubles of childhood. In its struggle to rise and walk, the D.C. Council has faltered at times. It has stumbled. It has bumped its head. It has caused a tremendous commotion.

But it *has* struggled. It *has* risen. And it is walking now with a sense of its purpose and direction.

In guiding the council through much of this difficult period, I have done my best to offer an example and a reminder. I have tried to set a tone of maturity, of restraint, of respect for my colleagues and the public—an atmosphere where self-government can come to maturity.

To me, the principal question before us today is how can home rule be brought to young adulthood in time to keep this aging city's problems from becoming irreversible. At what point will our fledgling democracy truly be able to say, with the Apostle Paul, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

As chairman of the council these past three and a half years, I do not claim to have worked miracles. But I have done everything in my power to speed this process of bringing home rule to adulthood.

Under my leadership, we have more clearly positioned the council as a branch of government coequal with the executive, in keeping with the spirit of separation of powers as defined by the home rule charter.

We have reorganized our committee system to make it more relevant to city problems and the executive departments we fund.

We have increased the expertise and efficiency of our staff, surviving a major cutback in workforce without a major disruption of our business.

We have brought the council into the computer age, with a support system that increases our information capability internally and enhances our capacity to monitor the performance of executive departments and agencies.

Using these tools and resources, we have achieved some important successes in dealing with the District's problems.

A political fund-raiser by trade, an ANC commissioner, a tenants association chair, and a member of the Ward Three Democratic committee, Plotkin is possessed of great enthusiasm and a sense of fairness and commitment. He would make an excellent addition to the council and a fine representative of the ward.

We have accomplished an orderly redistricting of the city, without the acrimony and without the court challenges that have plagued nearby jurisdictions.

We have increased, year after year, the budget for public education, giving our schools the resources they need to continue their comeback from an era of drift and neglect.

And under my leadership, we have helped to defeat the tuition tax credit initiative that would have stopped the revival of our school system in its tracks.

I take great pride in these accomplishments—not only for myself but for the work of the council as a whole.

At the same time, I have no illusions about the difficulty of the tasks that remain—the curbing of crime, the rejuvenation of our streets and services, the creation of jobs in a stunted economy. When we consider the magnitude of these tasks, in fact, we may be thankful in some respects for home rule's comparative youth.

I have already mentioned the disadvantages of being young. But along with these shortcomings, along with the occasional recklessness and lack of perspective, youth also holds hope and energy and optimism. Youth will experiment. Youth will reach out. Youth hasn't lost its ideals.

So I say let's hold on to that part of our youth. Let's keep that faith, that drive and desire, and then temper it with love and generosity and understanding.

We've learned to crawl, we've started to walk. And now, united and strong, let's stride forward confidently, purposefully, proudly to build on what we've begun.

We have passed major rent control and condominium conversion measures which have helped to keep a roof over the heads of the needy.

We have helped to push through the new convention center, which is rising now with the promise of increased commerce and thousands of jobs.

We have guarded the disadvantaged of our city from the brunt of the Reagan budget cuts by supplementing Aid to Families with Dependent Children.

We have taken a first step—and it's *only* a first step—toward mandatory auto insurance, enhancing the security of those who drive, walk and bicycle on our streets.

We have taken a major step toward bringing our city cable television, which will create some two thousand jobs in the process of expanding communication.

We have created a program to compensate the victims of crime—an effort which I initiated.

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TULI: AN UNDERGROUND LEGEND

Steve Kraus

Gazette readers will recognize the cartoon below as the work of Tuli Kupferberg, whose unusual view of art and the world has graced these pages for some time. Here, in an article reprinted by permission from Alternative Media, Steve Kraus tells about the man behind the drawings:

Tuli Kupferberg sits in his book-crammed loft on the edge of the Soho district of lower Manhattan and advises budding writers "Don't wait to be discovered. Do it yourself. Keep it small at first...publish a part of a novel, not a whole novel...distribute it yourself, sell it on the street, give it away, mail it to people you want to have it." He smiles wryly and adds, "Even if you publish your work through conventional channels it's going to be in a bookstore with 10,000 other books! No one is going to find it there anyway—only the ten best sellers get publicity..."

Tuli knows what he's talking about. Over the years he has published little books and magazines of poems, drawings, cartoons, "found material," songs, children's art and writings. He was one of the founding members of an innovative and revolutionary singing group, the Fugs. He has his own performance-cum-cabaret group, appealingly named The Revolting Theater, whose slogan is "Bar Mitzvahs and Revolutions a Specialty." And he is still at it, publishing his own stuff, selling it or giving it away on the streets of New York City, mercilessly satirizing the cruelties of the American system, the famous and the powerful, a truly Bohemian voice mocking in the Capitalist wilderness, living the artist's life most of us only dream about or admire in other people's books and films.

He was born in New York in 1923, on the Lower East Side, and ran away from home to Greenwich Village at the age of 18. "I lasted about two weeks," he remembers. "I got a job lifting bales of Siberian furs with a hook, like a warehouseman. I couldn't take it; they weighed more than I did, so I moved back home. A few years later I moved away again, this time forever." I asked him how he supported himself. "Barely," he says with a smile. "I got involved with a co-op messenger service. Five of us worked out of a loft on West 25th Street. No overhead—we shared whatever income there was and it afforded us lots of free time...when you travel on the subway you can think, you can read. We ran it ourselves. It's still an idea worth pursuing by a group of young people...to set up their own messenger service..."

In the early 1960s Tuli Kupferberg started going to the Metro Coffee Shop on Second Avenue and 9th Street in the East Village. This, he says, developed into what he calls "a very beautiful and interesting scene."

Tuli remembering the Metro: "There would be literally a couple hundred poets there; poets in the audience, and other people, too. Everyone got a chance to read, to strut their stuff. Ed Sanders, Allen Ginsberg, Szabo, William Burroughs, would all come in occasionally. They were sort of the stars. Also Carol Berge, Allan Katzman, Diane Di Prima, Paul Blackburn. That was sort of the birthplace of the Revolting Theater; I read poetry to sound effects, mostly 'found poetry.' I'd read ads...for instance there was an ad for something called the Hyperemiator. That was a vacuum pump which you fitted around your cock. It was supposed to develop your prick, make it larger. I did that with a bicycle pump,

which worked very well. Then I found another ad that accompanied that, which was the female equivalent. It was for collecting semen from bulls, and I had one of those oow noise things you get in Chinatown. I worked the two together and at the end I put on a yarmulke and read the two ads. I played the wedding march on a harmonica and I ended by saying 'I now pronounce you man and machine.' From that developed the fabulous Revolting Theater..."

After the readings we'd go around the corner to the Dom, a Polish bar on St. Marks Place. They had a juke-box that played the Stones' and the Beatles' songs. We poets who were fleshy-assed and non-moveable would start dancing to this stuff in spite of ourselves. So one day Ed Sanders got the idea that we could have our own group and I picked the name, the Fugs, from Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*. (Dorothy Parker was supposed to have said to him, "Oh Norman, you are the man who doesn't know how to spell fuck.") Anyway, that's how we started... Ed Sanders, Ken Weaver and me."

The Fugs were the first group to sing openly grossly and satirically in public, about sex, dope and, later, the Viet Nam war. Tuli says he still meets young people who tell him they owe him a debt. At the height of their fame the Fugs were touring the country and recording on the Warner label.

"In retrospect that was a mistake."

Tuli says. "I didn't want to go along with that. The music became too refined. I think we should have stayed buffoons. A fundamental disagreement arose between me and Ed. He was always interested in high art, in refining the music. And there were other internal, personal conflicts that broke us up."

Tuli on his early steps in self-publishing: "Together with the renaissance of the Beat movement came a renaissance in small press publishing. The Beats were introverted; they cut themselves off, they seceded from the American society of the late '50s. (There was nothing very admirable at that time to accede to!) Little magazines go back to the 19th century. Together with the Beat movement came a resurgence of small press publications, first mimeographed and then offset magazines. In 1958 I decided I'd put out my own magazine, and I called it *Birth*."

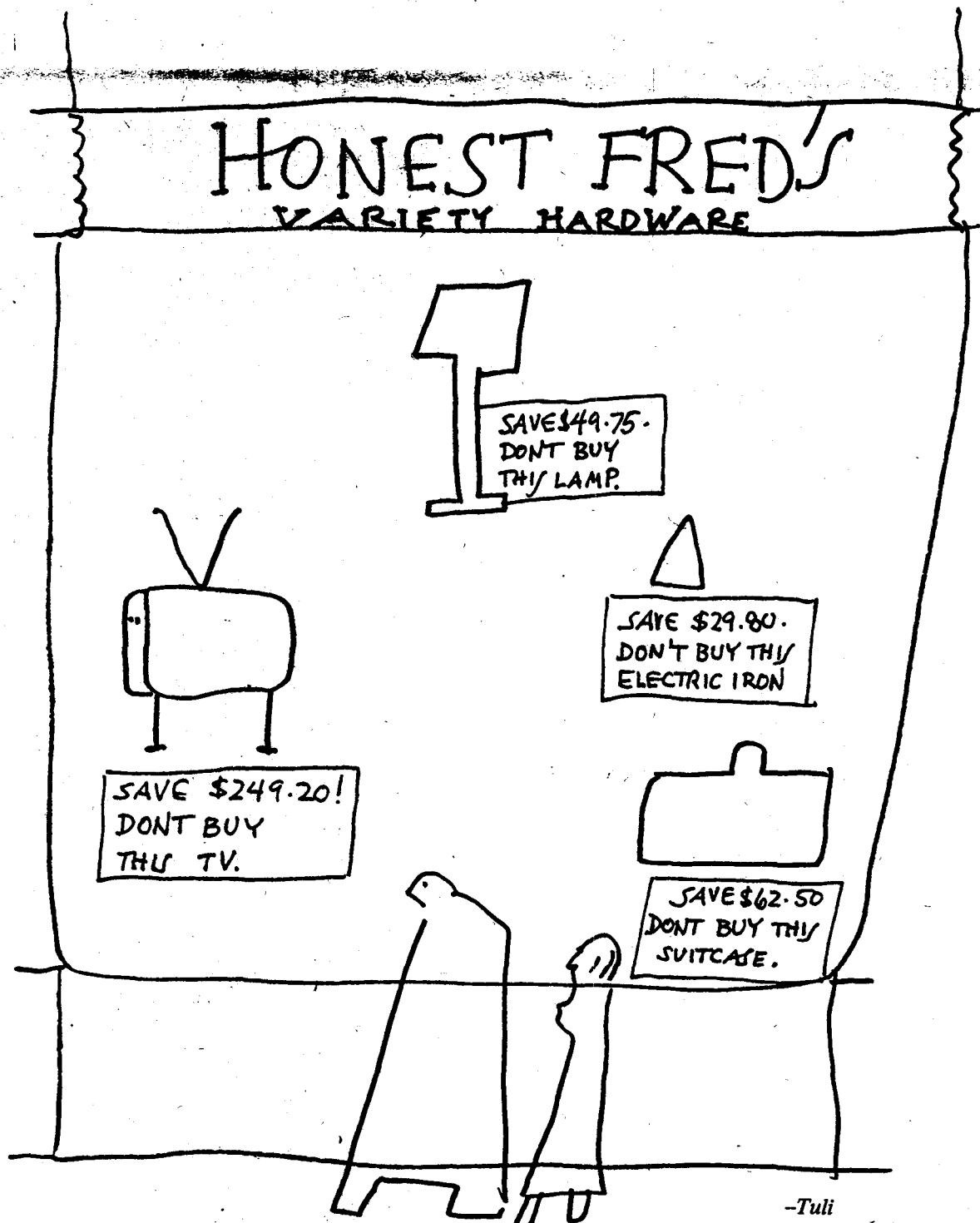
I had the idea I wanted to do theme issues, so the first issue was on Greenwich Village. It had a whole historical section in it, a sort of anthology on the theme of Bohemia. (The concept of Bohemian life started in Paris in the 1840s! It's amazing—they were doing the same thing even then; Henri Murger, the author of *La Vie de Bohème*, the basis for Puccini's opera *La Bohème* who was a great Bohemian, earned his living as an editor of a millinery trade journal!) The second issue of *Birth* was

all writings by children, the third was about stimulants, what would now be called a drug issue. They were printed by offset, by Allen Scott, who still runs his small printing shop under the name of *Esthetic Press* on St. Marks Place.

The magazines were pretty well received. I managed to place them in a few bookstores and I was selling them on the street, for 50¢ or \$1. Thus I had the bucks to put out the next issue."

Tuli's secrets of publishing: "The secret in offset is in your own design. You just have to paste the stuff on a board; the printer does very little except—hopefully—not ruin your material. If you want to bypass the expense of typesetting you can actually type the text up on a typewriter if you get hold of a good electric machine. You can pay as much as you want for layout, but actually you should learn how to do it yourself, and there are little books which will tell you how to do that. That's because so many people have become interested. There may now be up to two thousand little magazines being published. How big were the press runs on my little magazines? Between 250 to a thousand..." I asked Tuli whether his mate of many years, Sylvia Topp, was involved. "Yes," he replied. "It's nice to have someone to help you. She played an important part in all the magazines and did a lot of the design work."

I asked Tuli how his little magazines



developed. "Since the Children's issue (of Birth) was so well received we started an entire magazine called *Swing*, devoted exclusively to children's writings. That lasted four issues, and then I began publishing a mag called *Yeah*, which started out as a satirical poetry journal but ended up as a journal of found material; advertisements, various kinds of ephemera, direct mail, popular corny poetry that was so bad it was interesting... That went on till issue #10, the Kill for Peace issue. It had a hundred pages; I did a sort of history of the way war had been treated in popular literature in the last hundred years."

Tuli Finds a Publisher! (I asked Kupferberg to tell me about the books he has had published more conventionally): "For the Black Cat series put out by Grove Press I did 1001 Ways to Beat the Draft with Robert Bashlow, then I did 1001 Ways to Live without Working—I wrote that in Paris one afternoon—and 1001 Ways to Make Love; the last one was the most successful. Sylvia and I did two picture books, *As They Were* and *As They Were Too*, published by Quick Fox. These were made up of photos and drawings of well known people as children, and they sold much better than a possibly more worthwhile book we did called *First Glance*, published by Hammond and composed of writings and drawings done by well known people when they were children."

Back to Self-Publishing! "Of course there are restrictions. You can't publish a portfolio of your own paintings in color because that would cost \$50,000," says Tuli. "It's extremely hard to do a novel because that would also cost a lot of money... I've been working in small forms like aphorisms and cartoons, so it's very simple to publish a book of 64 small pages, or 32 larger pages, in newsprint. It's very easy to do that, and I recommend that to people. I like newsprint because, for one thing, it's cheap, and it has no pretensions; it's about as common as a newspaper. Much as little mags are worthwhile, they tend to become inbred and elitist, and I like to feel my things can be enjoyed by just about everyone. I have also discovered a unique and revolutionary distribution system: you give away your books for free!"

"You walk up to strangers on the street and give it to them?" I asked. "I think you have to be selective," Tuli replied. "If you're putting out a political thing and distribute it primarily to a political audience, people who don't agree with you should also have a chance to look at it. If you write poetry you would distribute it at poetry readings. At the Book Fair held here in New York in March I think I distributed more books than anyone who had a booth inside. I handed out 500 of my *Questionable Cartoons*, which cost me 10¢ each to produce. Of course it is nice to have your book sold in a store. My best outlets, the New Morning and St. Marks Bookstore, sell about a hundred of my things over three or four months, but here in two hours I handed out 500 copies of my magazine."

What was the reaction of a lot of people? "A lot of people liked it. A few turned it down. And if they do that in a nasty way I have a line that goes, 'See, there's a price on it, 69¢.' Actually my pitch goes like this, 'Free cartoon book' and I hand them the book. If they say 'I don't want it, keep it,' then I say, 'Oh, alright, 69¢ then,' and this sort of makes a number of them laugh; some are completely stumped by this. One guy even said, 'Okay, I'll take two of them,' but I said, 'I'm sorry, I can only allow you to buy one!'"

The aforementioned *Questionable Cartoons* is an 8½ by 11; 32 pager. I asked Tuli how he manages to produce it for 10¢ a copy. "Okay, here is how it works," he said. "You beg, borrow or steal typesetting (if you want that,) and layout. It's usually impossible to steal the use of a \$100,000 or \$400,000 press, so you pay for that. But you do your own stapling and I didn't want it pre-

cut... Actually the cutting is quite cheap—they use these huge machines, but I wanted it to have a kind of home-printed feeling, so I cut the pages myself, each one. I do it with a letter opener. The stapling is quite simple and all of that saves about a third of the cost, if you do it yourself."

"What's your next publication, Tuli?" I asked.

"In 1971 the UPS (Underground Press Syndicate then run by Tom Forcade, founder of *High Times*) pub-

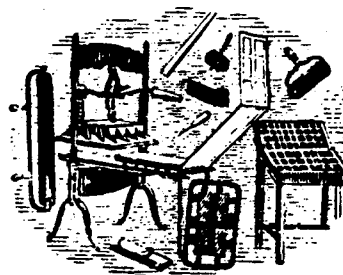
lished my *Newspoems*. A newspoem takes a news item as the text and then it comments on it. The next collection is going to be called *Less Newspoems* to the relief of a number of people. Since I'm doing half the number of poems it will be half the size and will cost half as much. I'll resist the temptation to print 5,000 and will probably print only 2,500. It's a funny thing in printing; in newsprint the first 1000 costs \$250 and the next 4,000 costs \$250, so in a lot of ways it makes sense to opt, (if you have

ways of distributing it) for a larger press run."

Tuli's Final Words on Self-Publishing: "I'd like to sum up. Don't wait to be discovered, because you may wait a very long time. Some of the people in the publishing houses are failed writers themselves, and they don't particularly like writers. Do it yourself. Don't be afraid. All you can do is make an ass of yourself and you will learn something that way too!" □

THE PRESS

Bob Alperin



A front page story on Ground Zero, similar coverage of the plea by four ex-high officials to renounce first use of nuclear weapons, Bill Prochnau's splendidly-written "At the Crater's Edge" series. Concern about nuclear war had arrived on *The Washington Post's* news pages. Sometimes. As an AP story in the Baltimore *Sun* noted, when Reagan asked Congress for \$408.3 million to accelerate nuclear bomb production through 1983 it "drew virtually no notice at the time." The *Post* was in the silent majority.

When the Second Congress of International Physicians for Prevention of Nuclear War met at Cambridge University, it received the same *Post* coverage as last year's Airlie House meetings: space zero. This year's topic: medical consequences of a nuclear war for Europe. The *Minneapolis Tribune* used seven paragraphs of wire service copy, while the *Boston Globe* had a lengthy free-lance report.

The AP (via *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*) reported an AMA journal article about 42 Marshall Islanders exposed to radiation from an unpredicted wind shift during an H-bomb test. They developed thyroid cancer, but were said to be recovered following surgery.

The *New York Times* reported on the beginnings of an alliance between US and European anti-nuclear groups, saying significant differences existed in the groups' "roots, composition, and tactics."

When senators with hawkish reputations such as Jackson and Moynihan told TV interviewers that Reagan was wrong in claiming the USSR had a "definite margin of superiority" in nuclear weapons, the *Post* had not a word. The *Globe*, *Miami Herald*, and *Houston Post* thought it news.

* * *

The *Post's* Metro section had an informative piece on the transport of nuclear waste. There was attention to the laws in Maryland and Virginia and to those states' official information about such shipments. There was not a word about DC. A business section story on the nuclear industry's financial problems said nothing about Maryland or Virginia plants.

The governors of New England states plus NY, NJ, and PA have a committee on low-level radioactive waste (AP, *Globe*). An Arkansas legislature program prodded development of evacuation

plans within a ten-mile radius if there were a big emergency at a nuclear plant (*Arkansas Gazette*). What are DC, MD VA governments doing in these areas?

A splendid Chicago *Sun-Times* feature discussed shift work and its effects on the body clock and accident proneness. A study of the Three Mile Island accident found the crew involved had rotated "weekly among shifts on a particularly harmful schedule." The Baltimore *Sun* ran it.

The *Globe* did an informative page on New England's nuclear plants. Among information for each was: a measure of operating performance, original cost, cost of modification, NRC evaluation and fines assessed by the NRC.

Post headline: "NRC Environmental Standards Struck Down." *Sun*: "Court orders U.S. to devise new tests of atomic waste hazards." In 15 column inches only 2" even sought to tell what the federal appeals court was saying. The *Sun* identified the court's concern. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission had been granting licenses on the unexamined assumption that sometime in the future there will be a plan "to store huge amounts of nuclear plant wastes underground" so no radiation will enter the atmosphere. The court wanted the NRC to consider the waste problem rather than assume it away.

* * *

In order to avoid "unnecessary concern" on the part of some visitors, VEPCO set a radiation monitoring device 10 times above normal so its buzzer wouldn't sound. The NRC was unhappy. The guests had been exposed to above normal (but below NRC-considered hazardous) levels of radiation. They should have been decontaminated before going elsewhere in the plant. The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* did the story. The NRC issued a warning to operators of 47 pressurized water reactors. The last few years have seen "a significant number of incidents of failed or severely degraded bolts and studs" in primary coolant systems. The *Sun* ran the AP story.

* * *

A week after an American-born Israeli soldier went on a shooting rampage in a very holy mosque, the *Post* ignored a major development in the case. The accused dropped his court-appointed lawyer for one hired by Rabbi Meir Kahane's Jewish Defense League. The *Sun* carried a JDL defense argument: The Temple Mount is a Jewish

holy place; Arabs have no right to be there. If they hadn't been, they wouldn't have been killed or wounded. The *Sun*, and even more the *Times*, reported the dispute between the dropped attorney and the JDL's. The former objected to politicizing the trial. He argued that the defendant entered the mosque as a political act but panicked under attack.

The *Times* also reported that an anti-Zionist Jewish religious group, Neturei Karta, had asked the Mufti of Jerusalem and the Supreme Moslem Council to join in denouncing Israel for creating the atmosphere in which the attack occurred.

Of 11 trust territories established after World War II, American-controlled Micronesia is the only one not independent today. According to a lengthy *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* analysis, the sticking point is the US desire for an agreement guaranteeing its military presence. Much of the article deals with Belau (Palau) which has an anti-nuclear material provision in its constitution. A former US envoy found that "inconsistent with the concept of free association" with the US. The US wants a quarter of the main island as a jungle war training area, and part of the main harbor.

"Viet Veteran Acquitted" a *Post* headline that missed the point: the defense successfully argued that "delayed stress syndrome" from Vietnam led a veteran to shoot his boss. The *Sun*, with a fuller account of the arguments in the case, reported the prosecutor's view that it was a case of a guy who "had too much to drink, got mad... and shot."

The *Post* produced an outstanding story on the new sugar quotas. It touched on the higher costs to consumers, domestic opposition from sugar refiners, the need to fix quotas so as not to hurt Caribbean sugar-producing nations (remember Reagan's Caribbean plan), and allies that will suffer from the pro-Caribbean juggling (Australia, Brazil, the Philippines, among others). Good, concise reporting.

In a variety of stories the paper had given continued attention to, the *Post* missed important developments when they became news:

- Salvador's new president appointed his first cabinet, which included the three major parties. Gen. Garcia retained the Defense ministry, but Gen. Guitierrez who had been ranking soldier in the junta had no post. The army's traditional party, the National Conciliation Party, took a key advisory post, the attorney-general's slot, and the Justice and Public Works ministries. The *New York Times*, among others, reported this.

- AP reported that Reagan's TV appeal for sup-

port on the budget brought but a "trickle" of calls to Congress.

- AP reported a Spanish district court's acquittal of nine women charged with having abortions, adding that the law banning abortion seemed to conflict with the constitution. Over a three-year period the case was widely publicized through demonstrations and petitions in support of the women.

- AP followed-up Reagan's story that the British tried for murder anyone having a gun during a crime, whether it was fired or not. The guilty were hung. No such law ever, said the British Law Society.

- Wire services reported the Polish parliament established a court to try past and present officials for ruining the economy. Another act recognized as "untouchable" and not to be nationalized the over 70% of the arable land that is privately owned.

- UPI reported a ceremony in Warsaw on the 39th anniversary of the Warsaw ghetto uprising. Delegations present included those from Jewish organizations, the city, and Defense Ministry. The army newspaper said aid to the doomed was "a fine chapter of heroism and humanitarianism" and proclaimed the Jewish community's fate "an inseparable part of Polish history." The uprising was "an integral part of the struggle and martyrdom of the Polish nation." (Alleged anti-Jewish acts condoned by the Polish government are a staple in the US media. Past *Gazettes* have noted such matters within Solidarity.) The ceremony was described as "brief and low key... as in most years."

- UPI reported the first US trade sanction (postwar) against Japan, a 10% cut in allowable fish catch off Alaska. It'll stay until US fish processors have more access to Japan's markets.

- Common Cause reported (via wire services) that 93 corporations found to be violators of the Clean Air Act contributed \$729,715 to those in Congress considering extension of the act. It listed major contributors, members of Congress, and the amounts involved.

- Pakistani President Zia ul-Haq revealed that last year he declined a US offer to station US troops and arms in Pakistan. Reuter indicated Western diplomats were surprised as both nations had denied such ideas. Zia rejected demands to have elections and end martial law.

- AP (*Miami Herald*) and UPI (*Atlantic City Press*) reported the criticism of this year's Pulitzer Prizes. Once again the board overturned a jurors' decision.

The US vetoed a UN Security Council resolu-

tion asking all states to "refrain from the direct, indirect, overt or covert use of force against any country of Central America and the Caribbean." This was generally said to mean non-intervention in Nicaragua. US envoy Kirkpatrick insisted the resolution undermined the Organization of American States, while her deputy said the US disapproved UN involvement in hemispheric affairs.

The *Post* quoted neither the resolution nor the envoys' statements, so readers could not compare that position with the US stand in the Argentine-British conflict over the Malvinas Islands. Here the US wanted UN action and opposed OAS involvement. The AP story in the *Minneapolis Tribune* provided the quotes and names of all the countries and their votes. The *Post* named the US allies who voted "yes" but lumped "Third World" together as a seamless entity. It was inaccurate since, as the *Post* noted, Zaire (and Britain) abstained.

Post: "Vote on Salvadorean President Put Off;" Same day, *Boston Globe*: "Salvador apparently scraps second phase of land plan." After 15 inches mostly about the army's efforts to ensure their choice became president (he did), there was 1" on land reform. Perhaps a very knowledgeable reader could infer the significance of what was reported. The *Globe's* AP story was clear.

When Guatemala's new leader, Gen. Rios Montt, said he didn't want US military aid and would seek better relations with Cuba and Nicaragua, the *Post* played the UPI story in the back and neglected follow-up. A few days later a page-one story on the general's born-again Christianity said nothing of the seemingly startling shift in Guatemalan foreign policy.

A *Post* story told of 50,000 members expelled or suspended by the Polish Communist Party "for failure to toe the party line." This was said to be a warning to members to end "infighting and disobeying orders." This appears to be a *Post* rewrite of the AP sentence noting Gen. Jaruzelski's Feb. appeal for "an end to factionalism." The *Baltimore Sun*, using untouched AP, cited the party newspaper as saying most were suspended or "struck" from membership lists for being indifferent to party activities. Finding an organization irrelevant differs significantly from thinking it worth disputing its policies.

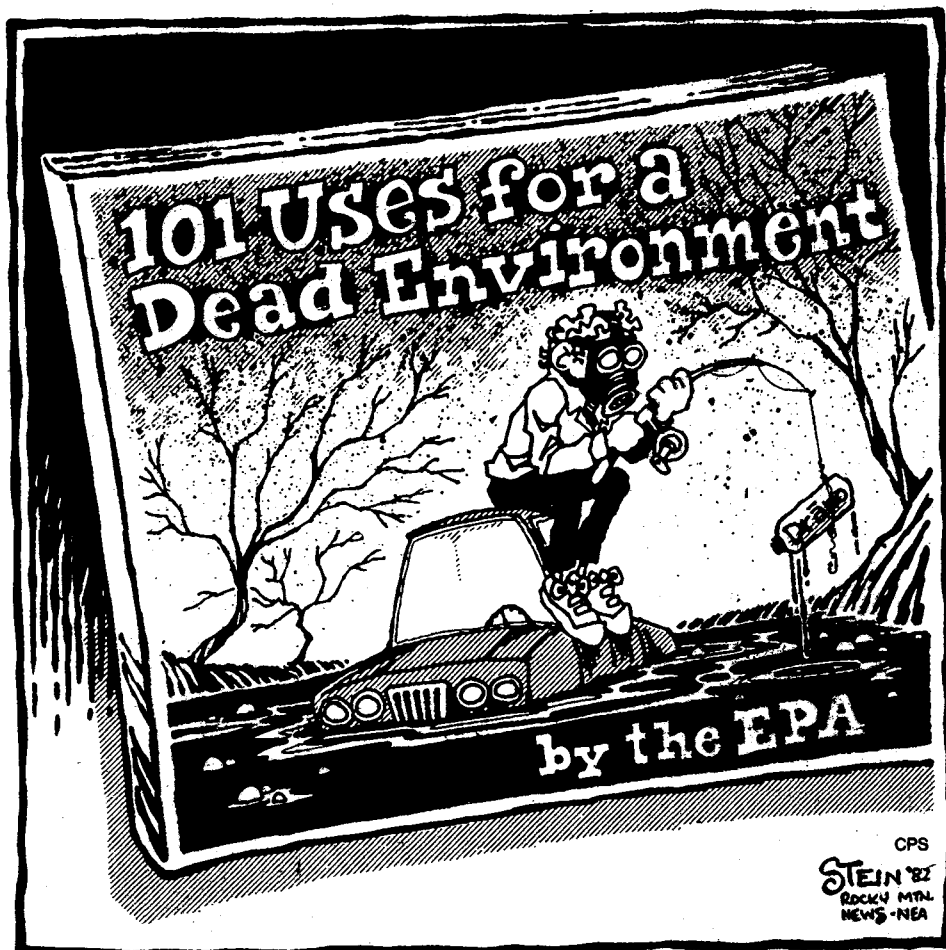
The *Post* reported the new US ban on travel to Cuba and gave at length the accompanying administration attacks on Cuba. The *Miami Herald* gave more information on how the policy might actually work, asked the opinions of Cubans here, and had an economist comment on its possible effects on Cuba's economy (small enough as to be "ridiculous"). Their follow-up article indicated the new policy will increase travel expenses for those with relatives in Cuba (they're exempt from the ban).

When Israel's Welfare Minister was convicted of fraud, larceny, and breach of trust, the *Post's* Reuter item noted he and most of his Tami Party voters were of North African descent. So what? The AP (*Herald*) indicated many followers thought the prosecution stemmed from racism on the part of the establishment's dominant European Jews.

Thomas O'Toole's fine story informed *Post* readers of the increasing militarization of the space shuttle. Even without that factor *The Sunday Times* (London) argued the European Space Agency's Ariane rocket would be the financial winner of the commercial launching race.

The *Post* shamefully neglected the UN Law of the Sea Conference. A snippet on a new Soviet law enabling its companies to engage in deep-sea mining if no treaty were obtained paled before *New York Times* coverage. The NYT gave a fuller picture of the USSR's action and related it to developments at the conference. The *Post's* big story was about the US delegate. Their story on the final treaty emphasized what the US didn't like about it. No clear picture of its contents emerged. (The *Globe* and *Herald* had but brief coverage.)

Recall the long, emotional debate on the Pana-



ma Canal Treaties, and Reagan's opposition to them? When Panama took control of the Canal Zone (but not yet the Canal), it went unreported in the *Post* aside from a brief item on their assuming police and court powers. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* had an 11 paragraph AP story.

Weeks after Argentina recaptured the Malvinas (Falklands) from British colonial rule, the *Post* had not explained the basis for Argentine claims, the heart of the dispute. A *Post* backgrounder was mostly pro-British error. It credited discovery to the British in 1592, but Spanish maps dating from 1522 and later show the islands. It stated British claims dated from a 1770 treaty, yet several scholarly works on the subject cite no such pact. There was the 1790 Nootka Sound Convention by which Britain agreed not to colonize South American coasts and islands already settled by Spain. Spain had governors and settlers on the islands until the growing rebellion on the mainland dictated withdrawal.

The *Post's* "Britain formally took control...in 1833" implies it had informal control earlier and masks the eviction of an Argentine governor and settlers by force. The *Post* claimed a 1971 agreement provided for "gradual integration of the residents into Argentina." Misleading. Argentina took responsibility for sea and air service, mail, and providing oil, and the British Foreign Office may have hoped the politicians would abandon sovereignty. It noted that British built the Argentine rail system, but didn't reveal that the routes served British commercial interests rather than Argentina's internal development.

A new nationality act, meant to keep non-white British passport holders from immigrating to England, made Falklanders citizens of a British dependent territory. Complex rules govern their ability to live in England, although the embassy says most would qualify. The House of Lords amended the law to give Gibraltarans full British citizenship but a similar move for the Falklanders lost.

Over the years the Foreign Office has refused to explain on what British sovereignty was based. A request to the embassy for such information brought the reply they had no material. Britain has constantly reclassified old documents on the Falklands. Argentina had detailed information on its claims ready for the press.

By ignoring the history behind both Argentina's claims and Latin American support for them, readers fell prey to explanations such as Latin emotion or macho. Yet the recapture caused no British deaths, even though Argentina took casualties. Given the financial costs of retaking and retaining the islands (even pro-British observers doubt they'll long remain), who's acting rationally? Argentina's timing appeared related to growing domestic unrest, but Thatcher's response, with its absurd ends-means ratio, seems aimed at the same target.

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AMERICAN JOURNAL

David Armstrong

If you've been trying to understand the dizzying decline of the U.S. economy in recent years, you've heard economists blame the mess on the sagging productivity of American workers, government deficit spending and the flood of cheap imports from foreign competitors. And if, like most Americans, you get your news mainly from television, chances are that's all you've heard.

Yet there are other, sharply conflicting, explanations of high inflation and unemployment. One of them comes from Maurice Zeitlin, an economic sociologist at UCLA, who attributes America's malaise, to "monopoly, militarism and multinationalism." Together, Zeitlin says, they've destroyed the free enterprise system, replacing it with monopoly capitalism, from which stem our present woes.

Zeitlin's argument is unfamiliar to most Americans because his work appears in small alternative magazines such as *The Progressive*, instead of on prime time TV. In effect, according to a panel of nationally known media critics, such views are censored—kept from the mass of American people by decision-makers in the mass media who ignore or underreport critically important information.

Such analyses of "the basic cause of our economic crisis" lead a roster of ten unreported and underreported stories selected by Project Censored, a six-year-old project headed by Dr. Carl Jenson, a professor at California's Sonoma State University. Some of the experts who served on this year's panel are: Ed Asner, late of "Lou Grant" (who appears to have been censored himself recently); media critic Ben Bagdikian; muckraker Jessica Mitford; former Federal Communications Commission member Nicholas Johnson; and Alvin Toffler, author of *Future Shock*.

Project Censored's other top stories for 1981 are:

2. *Injustice in Greensboro*—the murder, on Nov. 3, 1979, of five Communist Workers Party members by Ku Klux Klan and U.S. Nazi party members, in broad daylight, at an anti-Klan rally. Despite the fact that four local TV stations videotaped the shooting, and other evidence links local law enforcement authorities with the attack, not one of the murderers was convicted in a trial last year.

3. *Radioactive Waste*—even though government and industry still don't know what to do with atomic waste, they continue to hatch preposterous schemes: dropping the stuff in ocean dumps; planning to truck it along public highways; trying to figure out—so far, unsuccessfully—

how to decommission the 72 commercial nuclear power plants in operation.

4. *Starving children*—"an estimated 50 million people quietly starve to death each year...17 million of the children who will be born this year will die before their fifth birthday."

5. *Disappearing water*—America's water supply is doing down the drain, and toxic chemicals from industrial plants continue to poison much of what's left.

6. *Training terrorists in Florida*—in apparent violation of the U.S. Neutrality Act, rightwing Nicaraguan exiles and others are openly preparing for future invasions of their homeland from Florida training camps. Number six with a bullet.

7. *Nuclear insanity*—U.S. support of the arms race, in the teeth of mounting public opposition; missing nuclear materials from power plants that can't be accounted for; and "new research at the nation's leading nuclear laboratories" revealing that "some of the most important data in 15 years of radiation research may be wrong and that there is no 'safe' level of radiation, as previously thought."

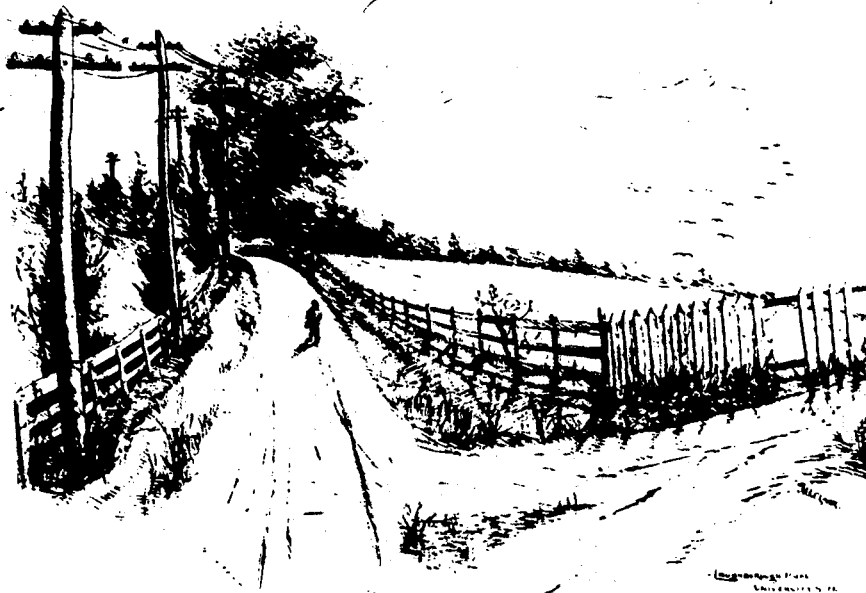
8. *Union busting*—industry has created a new breed of "labor relations consultants" to bust labor unions. "An unpublicized investigation by the U.S. House Subcommittee on Labor-Management Relations concluded that such firms 'come dangerously close to justifying whatever means are necessary' to defeat unions."

9. *The high cost of whistle blowing*—an engineer who uncovered defects in the U.S. missile detection system was fired for his trouble. His criticisms, however, were later confirmed.

10. *Biological warfare in the Third World*—the Pentagon continues to stockpile "race-specific" chemical weapons such as cocci (Valley Fever) and tuberculosis for possible use against non-white populations, in violation of a 1969 ban.

Carl Jenson, who founded Project Censored in 1976, says, "We need a fully informed public to survive in the coming years, but we're getting too much 'junk food news' and not enough information about issues that affect us." Jenson sees White House attempts to limit the Freedom of Information Act and increased censorship in libraries and schools as renewed threats to diversity of thought.

If you'd like to nominate 1982's top censored stories, send a copy of the reports to Dr. Carl Jenson, Project Censored, Sonoma State University, Rohnert Park, CA 94928.



Loughboro Road near University site, 1891.
Courtesy American University Archives.

The Cart

JOE URENECK

"Are you gonna leave it there?"

"Yeah," he answered after taking a deep breath and his large, hulking body slowly settled downward. "Do you have a better place?" he challenged. He didn't bother to conceal his irritation.

The other ignored him. "We're gonna need it first thing in the morning," he said, turning into the doorway behind him but then as quickly cranked his head round. "Don't forget," he said slowly as his watery eyes, unable to focus on Robert standing before him, rolled about in his head.

"Yeah, I know I won't...." Robert stopped himself for Harry had disappeared through the door which led to the narrow hall spilling down and into the hole of an office where a single desk, chair and telephone lay. Once inside Harry would never hear him unless he yelled at the top of his lungs so he decided to let their talk, if 'talk', such a pleasantly social thing is what it was, end. Besides, it was so undignified to go yelling after him; it reminded him of when he was in school trying to catch his teacher's attention by waving his hand in the air. She had always ignored him.

"I won't forget," he told himself, "to do what I damn well please!" He looked down at the cart beside him and, as if live, able to argue a point, the point at which he and Harry were on edge, gave it a good kick in the side. "Don't know what the hell he's talking 'bout anyway. Should though, been here long enough." His round body swayed to one side. The kick left his right leg dangling in the air, only his toe, precariously perched on the edge of the cart, prevented his top heavy torso from falling over. "Yeah," he said again, steadying himself, licking his upper lip with his fat, dry tongue, "he knows what he can do."

Robert was forty-fiveish. He had a balding head, its baldness all the more striking because of the few strands of hair left, a sagging face which sagged more than most people his age would show and an upper body, barrel-chest and stud-like arms, overwhelmed by his round belly protruding obscenely out and over his pants. Not that he felt uneasy about his physique. He had been overweight so long that his pants wore a permanent lip over the belt loops, like an old saucer dish, a sign that his body had become as his environment, bloated, bulging the support beams, hidden beneath the walls, slowly but surely outward and causing them to curve under the weight of the overhead building. That and passing time.

Robert was not healthy and his appearance reflected it. He blended well though, with his drab, green clothes, his name sewn in gold over the shirt pocket, pants functional, utilitarian, shoes, roundly clean black, their dullness holding the settling dust, blended well into the world beneath a hospital. There, dismal sights, strong pungent smells reinforced by a daily stirring up of cracked and peeling walls, bare, naked piping and rotting wood, left no doubt that gnome-like walked and worked Robert and others like him.

A chameleon, that lurker beneath the brush, the scrounger, the parasite to the very leaves which hid it had replaced the old Robert. Perhaps he retained something of his past but much of his looks and mannerisms was gone and their foundation, the attitude, upon which they flourished had withered

as well. His former self would have little sympathy with the creature he was now. When he first arrived he was much leaner, not lithe, but his stoop was only a passing fancy, his feet never shuffled and the facial muscles firm and straight. He was thirty-five then. Now, late one week day, he wallowed walrus-like in the small entranceway of the main storage area, packing and stacking boxes funneled from the large bay doors into which truck after truck drove throughout the day. He adapted well, fitting the bill, if such existed, of what his place and work required.

The cart. That he hated but, as well, needed and loved it. He was with it more than any other thing or person and as he stood by it he closed his fist over the horizontal rod and rubbed his palm along its length. An infrequent visitor, passing through the area, might see him standing like that with his arm extended over the cart and mistake it as a moment's rest from the day's work or a preparatory pause before beginning one more chore. It was neither. Instead, it was Robert's somnolent exercise, a catharsis from the tedium, the marriage ring which wedded him to the cart and its warehouse.

The cart's rod served as a tiller, a steering wheel, by which he controlled and guided it down the narrow subterranean corridors, up through others and into a series of elevator shafts. Then he and it were whisked along, up to any one of the thirty floors above, out along the white polished floors so that a brisk, smartly dressed attendant could remove its cargo and send them, empty, back down into the ground.

It was long and flat, no higher than two feet from the floor, no wider than two standard boxes. On its side no barrier or enclosure kept the contents from spilling over and so Robert, in moving around the base, adding to here, subtracting there, worked as though building a sculpture, centering the piling of square cardboard evenly, always taking care to create a stable mass. Only on its fourth side, at one end of its rectangular shape, did three metal bars rise to meet the fixed horizontal rod and so serve to brace the cargo.

The cart's base was wood, three solid planks, side by side, held together by wooden dowels inserted during construction into its midsection to keep them rigidly in place. Around its outer edge, that is, along the length of the two most outer boards but along the end sections of all three, ran a narrow strip of metal, tin usually, worn through at the corners, to protect the wood from the constant scraping and rubbing against the walls, doors and pipes. Underneath, at the four corners, were hard rubber wheels which lifted the entire body from the floor. The two at the end, beneath the guiding rod, could turn in any direction while at the opposite end they were fixed, meant to follow rather than direct the cart's motion. Thus, at the fixed end the cart could only be pushed or pulled according to the direction in which it faced at any given time unless the wheels opposite were shifted or the cart, lifted at the fixed end from off the floor, was pointed in another direction.

Its simple operation loaned Robert a certain grace in its movement. As he wheeled round con-

crete corners and through paper thin doorways he felt the tiniest bit of security; he could handle it. Over the years he learned to maneuver the cart with the slightest push or pull at its corners and direct it quickly, serenely through imaginary obstacles. Making it a game was simple and changed the basic precepts under which he worked. He knew his job was that of a gnome's, ignoble and looked down upon, so low on the totem pole he never knew what the top looked like. But when others looked at him, in pity mostly, for his dingy surroundings and degenerative body, both he and they would never have been more surprised to learn how the other thought. For sometimes, as others saw him waddling along with the cart in front, he felt himself soar, his feet lifting sprightly up and along. He, looking terrible to them, never felt better.

Robert turned and, sighing quietly, resigned himself to the mountain of boxes on his left against the dirty brick wall. Steam and water pipes, jutting out from the boilers behind the wall, zig-zagged about, an occasional hissing of steam from the union, and forced him to bend low, twisting his body as he reached for a box. He stooped often and deeply to avoid knocks on his head and now rarely received even the brush of one against him. Watching him now he first appeared as a folded mass, unraveling into the form of a man as he squeezed out from under the maze of flowing water and steam to straighten up. He placed a box on the cart and slid his fingers over its top until, striking an opening between the flaps, he inserted a wedgelike finger and ripped it open.

Inside was the stuff around which his life revolved — medical supplies of all sorts, gauzes, needles, syringes, plasma bottles, anything used at any time by the hospital went through his hands. He knew those medicines and tools, their manufacturer, their use, as readily as any doctor and, in a queer way, this passing through his hands kind of made even a subterranean creature feel responsibility. In other ways too he became a believer in his usefulness. For how many others had gone through there? Hot shot kids, drunkards, straightmen, wise punks, college brains? Though all of them had worked in the hole for a while, all of them had eventually left while he, he was responsible enough to stay on there. He, more than anyone else, insured that the bandages, syringes, needles, gauze pads and bottles found their way to the elevator, into the rooms, clinically clean, antiseptic and then broken out of their containers to cover, insert, dangle, only in some way attach themselves to the patients living over his head. Having others so depend on him, rely upon him for his steadfastness, perhaps even show gratitude made the cart wheeling legitimate. It didn't matter that gratitude came rarely or that it was tinged with such haughtiness that he had to hang his head in shame. Even the most paltry alms were accepted. It was Robert's way to survive.

As he reached down again for another box a mouse scurried by and into the wooden partition. He pursed his lips and blew it a whistle, two long bursts of single tone, a habit only recently acquired with the vague thought that even mice could be tamed. Even Harry when he heard him said nothing as if he understood and wished him well. Not

that Harry would say anything like that but Robert sort of knew it more from what he didn't say. Anyway, the mouse this time remained hidden, unenticed by his call, though Robert believed he hesitated briefly before disappearing. He turned back to his work, slapping his blunt, round fingers like so much dried meat, round the carton.

"Hey, Bob!" George, a young guy, a kid really in Robert's eyes, came from around a corner and hailed him. He pushed a cart like Robert's, only newer, in front of him. He was the only acquaintance of Robert who could call him 'Bob'. After the first time Robert had judged it not too disrespectful and let it pass and so George had called him by the name ever since.

"Did'ja hear the game last night?" he asked, his yellowish face showing flush. "Boy; it was the Celtics all the way! Wham! Bang!" George took the stance of a boxer as he made the sounds, letting his fist fly off to hit the invisible opponent. "Din't give'm no chance," he said springing up beside him; not waiting for him to answer the question. "I caught it at my sister's on the color tv." And seeing that Robert didn't remember his sister, continued, "You remember! You were there last year for the playoffs."

"Oh yeah?" Behind his blank face Robert tried to picture what George's sister might look like or whether he had ever been in that part of town. Then, remembering, quickly added, "Oh, yeah! I remember, near the diner on Joy St., over in Chelsea. We had pizza there and...and there was that cousin of yours." Robert rolled his beedy eyes, grinning. "Right?"

"Yeah, that's the one. There was a whole gang of us there that night. Real good time!" His last words bubbled out making it clear that, for George at least, it had been a real good time.

Sometimes Robert could not keep up with George. He was new, had been there just over a year and that, Robert explained to himself, was part of his not understanding George's ways. It simply took time. But he talked so fast, faster than he could keep up with and because of it Robert thought him dimwitted. It was an attitude not entirely escaping George's notice and made him try all the harder, talking even faster so that in unison with the rolling words, slurred and backwards, his body jerked spasmodically in rhyme. It appeared that he was in a hurry to get somewhere though he looked to be going nowhere quickly.

"Say," he said as though seeing Robert for the first time, "what are you doing here?" He looked at his watch, double-checking the time he knew it to be. "You should have left already!"

Robert shrugged his shoulders and his body heaved upward. "He," Robert jerked his thumb over towards the hall doorway, "wants to make sure that the cart is free first thing in the morning so I gotta' get the boxes upstairs this afternoon."

George whistled between his teeth. "If he doesn't bust himself, he'll bust someone else! He sure tries hard enough."

Robert nodded. "Yeah, I know. He just keeps goin', come hell or high water, just like there was no tomorrow. If he was younger he'd make a good service jock, plowing right through." Robert pushed his fist through the air in front of him.

"All that could've waited," George jerked excitedly. "But boy," he shook his head, "he sure has some problems."

Robert said nothing. He didn't want to start complaining again. Yeah, Harry, had problems alright, Robert was there long enough to know that, but there was nothing he disliked more than gabbing about it because it quickly became clear that it was a lot more than Harry's problem alone. He gave George a quick glance and changed the subject.

"Get outta the way, will'ya?" he grumbled, moving around the cart to where George was standing.

"Sure, sure, no sweat. There ya' go." George moved off to one side. Lowering his voice, though it was still loud for George could never calm himself quite enough to speak softly, he put his mouth closer to Robert's ear. "When's he comin' back? Did he say?" He asked in such a conspiratorial tone that Robert eyed him before answering.

"Still here," Robert answered.

"Still here? You mean he hasn't left yet?"

"Yeah, he's inside there. Didn't go nowhere..." He continued looking George over. "Why? You taking off?" Robert asked uncritically. He understood what George wanted.

George fiddled with the flaps of the boxes which lay on his cart. "Well," he finally drawled, "I was hoping to get over to...a friends, that's all. Nothing important, really."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I wouldn't if I were you," Robert warned, "he don't like it when you leave without tellin' him." Although Robert gave the advice goodnaturedly George winced under the words.

"Aw, cut it out! I know what he likes and don't like." George's body jerked as he talked and he made motion to walk away. But it was feigned and he turned back. "Anyway, it wasn't important; I didn't have to go."

"Ahu," Robert only grunted. Smiling he exposed the line of brownish teeth underneath his lips, a gesture which made his obesity more noticeable but also less grotesque, not so offensive, and he seemed for a moment strangely out of place against the backdrop of dinginess. His fatness turned to his advantage and he became a kind of jolly fellow.

"Well, I suppose it doesn't matter whether you want to or not," Robert said. "It wouldn't be a good idea right now. Not unless you don't care about your job or getting into an argument with him; he don't like it when anyone leaves early. Even if there ain't nothin' to do around here." That part of the way Harry ran things particularly irritated Robert.

"Yeah, I know all that but still..." He shrugged and left off trying to convince Robert. "Someday, someone will tell him."

"Oh yeah? Tell him what?"

"You know! Tell him to lay off. He's got no call to be...to be keeping you like this and...and all the other crap that goes on here." George's talking slowed. "Like this Tuesday morning. Were you here then?" he asked. "I don't remember."

"No."

"Argh," George squirmed, "that doctor came down! He's been here before," he said by way of

explanation. "Fit to be tied; complaining 'bout how he didn't get none of the tools he was expecting and blaming anyone that came within sight of him. Mostly though he yelled at Harry." George gave a disgruntled look. "Well, what do you think that Harry does, ey? Nothin', that's what he does. Not as long as that doctor was here. But when he leaves! Then you should have seen it—banging and kicking the doors, screaming at the rest of us like we was the ones responsible." George stopped, trying to collect himself, but his body jerked suddenly. "You weren't there, I remember now. But you know," he said incredulously, "that stuff still hasn't come."

"Hmmm."

"Yeah, like we was supposed to make it appear out of thin air! No," he judged, "it ain't right that he should go 'round like he does, takin' his problems out on the rest of us."

"Ahh." Robert did agree though he was not sure why George was bothering to say any of this because it happened all the time. Harry was always yelling, always grumbling, acting like something, anything, should be happening but wasn't.

"You know it ain't like this in other places; there are some that are nice to work in." Robert knew what was coming next. "My brother, right? He lives in the western part of the state. He doesn't work like this. Same kind of place though. He likes it real nice from the way he talks, real..." Robert's chuckle interrupted him. "Say, what are you laughing at?"

Robert didn't hide his scepticism. "How many times do we talk like this in a week, huh? No, not in a week, in a day? How many times do we say the same thing only with different words?" Robert's obesity or at least that part of it which others most clearly saw and reacted to, became more prominent when he talked seriously, about things he felt he really knew, as he suddenly did now. "The other day it was about how the boxes should be stacked in the back room," he said somberly. "And then there was the time we spent half the morning arguing about where we should store these things," he kicked the cart lightly with toe. "As if," he chuckled cynically, "they were ever in one place long enough to be stored. And we talk, we argue, about where we should put this, how we should do that, we talk about it so many times that we forget what it is we're complaining about or whether we should even be complaining. Mouthing words, that's all we do. We use them for reasons to complain. And you know what?" Robert twisted his fat face with disgust. "It's the same with Harry. Yeah, I know what kind of guy he is. He's a smuck, just like you're saying." Robert pointed a finger at George making him shrink back, "but who wouldn't be in this place, huh? Making sure that crummy gauze pads were on the twenty-ninth floor every day and that's all you're good for? 'Cause if you don't, well, first of all someone's gonna fire you but then someone else might bleed to death? Or worse, some nurse will come screaming down at you, one step in front of the doctor. God!" Robert waved his arms in the air, "I'll bet you that Harry's bleeding to death and no one is rushing to give him a gauze pad." Robert was edging around the cart as he spoke and was now leaning precariously over it. At the last words, just as George expected him to topple over, he straightened himself out. "Anyway, I hope your brother is happy."

"I don't think," George whined like he hadn't heard a word Robert said, "that we should let Harry stick it to us."

Robert, like an old hunting dog in a corner with his large ears flapped over his face hiding from his master's abuse, covered his own ears mockingly with his hands. George persisted anyway. "We shouldn't let him get away with it, that's all."

"Hmmm," was all Robert answered without uncovering his ears.

The two of them remained silent after that. Robert's long soliloquy (for Robert, used to not much more than monosyllabic grunts for questions and nearly as brief answers it had been very long) and now his mute refusal to continue gave George no alternative but to let the conversation permanently end. They stood close by one another though, each fidgeting with their cart, remembering the other's presence. After a few minutes George began to hum a tune and worked the tempo louder, more strongly, until finally he sang, keeping the beat with his fingers and feet, echoing

through the hall. It was a modern and popular tune and though Robert didn't know the words he had heard it so often on the radio to be able to hum along, letting his long jowled face quiver as his eyes closed and he strayed into a long, serene note. Near its end their voices carried beyond the hall and someone passing by encouraged them with a shout, "Do it again," but they only stopped, laughing at one another.

"Ha, ha ha! Sounds pretty good! You think we ought to go on the road? Ha, aha, ha, ha," George's mouth spread wide across his face and he laughed so hard that his saliva, turning into spittle at the corners of his lips, drooled out and down along his chin. Still laughing, he wiped his face with his shirt sleeve, followed by a wipe of the sleeve against his trouser.

"Heh, aheh, yeah sure," Robert bellowed his enjoyment. "All we gotta' do is get people to think that we're worth paying to hear and we'll have it made. Take us six months, easy."

George stopped laughing. "Six months? Do you really think that we can do it in six months...?" His eyes closed as he calculated how much more he could earn in six months after he started singing for a living. "Let's do it," he cried. "Let's you and me start it ourselves. Sure," George was buoyant, "we can take to the clubs. I know plenty of guys that have done it!"

Robert waved his hands in front of his face. "Whooh there, whooh!" Embarrassed that George had taken him seriously he turned away to grab at a box against the wall. "Don't fool yourself. Carrying a tune is one thing and making it a business is another. "Why," he turned back to face George, "you can't just go and be a hit singer you know."

"Why not?" His question made George sound a lot younger than Robert had ever heard him before but it was pleasant. His foolish enthusiasm was refreshing only because of its scarcity.

"Well, 'cause... first you gotta' go to school and learn the right way to sing. I mean, it's easy to sing the way we just did but it's different when you're doin' it for money. It ain't as easy as it looks. They go through a lot of work those singers." He stopped seeing George's face fall. "Not that it's impossible or anything like that, it's just that... it takes time, that's all. And you, well... you got time to think 'bout doin' it. Maybe later anyway you can actually do something with it, but me, well... I'm too old for that..."

"Oh, you're just chicken!" George said harshly though his choice of words softened the intent. He was not, Robert had discovered, one to throw out vulgarities. "There's nothin' in them words 'cept bein' chicken. If you weren't you'd..." He stopped, dismissing Robert with a downward wave of his hand.

"Sure, sure, I'm chicken," Robert agreed, "but there's nothin' that I can do 'bout that just like there's nothin' you can do 'bout how you are. Am I right?" Robert, not expecting an answer, was obliged by George who stared at him without a word. "Look, I'm too old to go running around in places that I've never been before," Robert pleaded. "Besides," he argued, "I can't sing." He looked at George affectionately. "You have the strangest ideas," he said rubbing his head with his large, dull hands and fluffing his hair into a shaggy mass. "What d'ya think! You can walk outside these doors and make yourself famous? Just like that?" He tried snapping his fingers but he only made a faint thudding sound. "G'on." Robert gave him a gentle shove on his back.

"Yeah, but I'm..."

"Comin' through!"

The shout interrupted him. It came from inside a little side room in the center of the storage area and was followed a second later by a man about the same age as Robert. Despite his shout however, he carried nothing with him and as he stepped forward from inside the room he rubbed his head briskly as though waking from a sound but unrestful sleep. He was dressed in clothes befitting a party-goer, with pointy, black shoes, narrow and sleek, of a type which a dancer in some professional troupe might wear or even of those who frequent the popular dance floors, spending a not-inconsiderable sum of money to outfit themselves. His pants likewise were perfect for a warm summer's night lounge about an outdoor cafe while his shirt, with ruffles round the collar and wrists, led one to expect him to pull out an embroidered handkerchief at any moment from his shirt pocket

and let it flutter to the concrete floor. In spite of his clothes he was not out of place—he belonged in the dingy warehouse. His shoes, scratched and dull, his shirt and pants, streaked with yellowish stains, long and round, from the sweat which dripped from his forehead and poured from beneath his arms made it plain that he was a pretender, a dreamer, whose single most important daily event was the amount of alcohol he consumed. In physical features he was nearly the opposite of Robert but his roughness fit well. Lean and gaunt with sharp narrow facial features, slit like eyes, an eagle beak nose and a mouth, thin as thread, he struck one as uncomfortable as his surroundings.

"Comin' through!" he yelled again. "Hey," he shouted on seeing the two of them, "how are ya, huh? How's it goin'?"

George and Robert hesitated before saying anything.

"Good, Carl. How are you?" George stepped back against the wall as Robert answered. He and Carl avoided one another with Carl fairly twisting up in disgust at what he saw as younger pompousness. And it was pretty much true. George did not see anything of much value in a useless drunk.

"That's good, that's good," Carl chimed. "If you weren't fine than who would be, eh? Right! I've always said that each and every one of us should be as fine as we can be. That way," Carl squinted his eyes and nudged closer to Robert as though confiding a secret, "we won't make it harder for someone else." He caught sight of the cart beside Robert. "Say, what are you doin' that for? Don't you know about that cart?"

Robert's ears picked up. He used that cart all the time. "What do you mean?"

"The cart! The cart! That's what I mean. Haven't you heard about it?"

Robert realized he was drunk and, irritated, shrugged him off. "No, no, I haven't heard anything about it."

"Well, you should. You're the one that's closest to it, right?" He leered at Robert and made his tongue roll into the corner of his mouth. "You're the one," he said spitefully, "who has to do all the work for nothin'."

"What are you talking 'bout, ey? What have you been sipping on today, huh? Whiskey?" Robert's face had turned flush and his fat which hung loosely from his chin shook violently when he asked the question. The idea that he was doing something for nothing angered him.

Carl however put his arm around Robert's shoulder and brought him closer to him as he spoke into his ear. His voice was low. "Rum," he whispered.

"Ah, g'way! You stink to high heaven."

"Never been there," Carl said without blinking.

"And you never will, neither. Not the way you're goin'!"

Carl dismissed him with a wave of his hand. "Pshaw! You're all the same, you guys that have been here for a long time. Always so serious. Sooh serious! You'd think that either here or," he deepened his voice in mock solemnity, "in the next world, we should all be so straight and narrow. Come off it!" he shouted. "Here," he pulled out a small bottle from inside his pant's pocket, "have a drink. It will do you good. You ain't goin' nowhere."

"You," Robert said ignoring the bottle stuck in his face, "have work to do. Better get to it before Harry comes."

"Ah, we don't need Harry! You sound just like him." He snapped the bottle away. "As a matter o' fact, why aren't you the boss, ey? Why aren't you in there instead of him, that old fart that can't keep 'is head on straight," Carl wagged his head from side to side, "and sees nothin' but shakin'? You act just like'm oft' 'nough you might as well get paid for it!"

"Maybe he doesn't care about the money," George was not above a jab at Carl. "Probably though," he quipped, "he couldn't stand dealing with you all day. Why, there ain't enough money in the world to make that worthwhile!"

Carl turned on him. "Can't speak for himself? Ey? He's got a tongue. I know, I've seen it in action! Well," he said facing Robert, "why aren't you the boss? You been around here long enough, longer than anyone else."

"Leave off and get to work, will ya? It's my own business what I do and don't do. I don't have

to explain myself to you or anyone. 'Specially,' Robert straightened himself up, "when you're talking through a bottle."

"That's right Carl. He don't have to say nothin' to you 'bout what he does."

"Shut up George!" Carl turned and faced him.

"Carl, you ain't goin'..."

"Oh, god-damn you George! Shut your trap! You're here for how long now? A year? One lousy year! Ha, ha, ha!" Carl's voice cackled through the hall. "One year and you think that you can talk 'bout anything! He's!" Carl pointed his finger at Robert, "been here for ten years now. Ten years! Doesn't that mean something?" Carl dismissed with a turn towards Robert. "I want to know, I want to know," Carl repeated, letting the last word slither from his mouth, "why."

Neither George nor Robert said a word.

"You don't belong here," Carl accused him.

"But you're here anyway," he held out his hands, palms up, as though acknowledging the truth of his statement, "so you should be worth those ten years. You should be in Harry's place! No, higher than Harry, 'cause Harry's nothin', nothin' at all." Carl shook his head. "Tell me, Robert, why you're here," he demanded.

"You're makin' me out to be somethin' I'm not Carl." Robert's large frame loomed over the two of them in the hall—the one young, tall but hesitant, the other, older, defiant but shriveled. And Robert, struck by Carl's needling and its scintilla of truth, betrayed his unease by moving nervously around the cart, his face alternating between a flush red and sickly pale. "It's just the drink, Carl. That's all it is, nothin' else."

"That's a god-damn lie! It's got nothin' to do with drink, nothin' at all!" Carl shouted. "Huh," he grunted suddenly as he spied the cart again, his face breaking into a greasy smile, "I'm still gonna need it."

Robert eyed him suspiciously. "You need what?"

"I need it," he grinned and pointed to the cart, wagging his finger commandingly up and down.

"Carl," Robert said exasperated, "you can see that I'm using the damn thing; you can have it when I'm done."

"But they told me," Carl whined, "to hurry along with the things they need. And you know," he needled Robert, "there's no other way to move them there."

"I'll be done soon," Robert said flatly, his tone making it clear that there was no reason to talk further about it.

"But I need it now," Carl insisted, edging closer to the cart.

"You're gonna have to wait," Robert replied angrily. He waddled his lumbering body so close to the cart that he almost sat down on it. "I can't finish any faster with these things than I'm doin'. Besides, Harry..."

"Harr-eee?" Carl needled him again.

"...said that this had to be done right away. They're gonna need the cart first thing in the morning."

"But Robert," Carl placed his foot on the lower end of the cart, planting it like a flag into claimed territory, "I need it now." He nudged the cart closer with the heel of his foot.

Robert reached over with his left hand and firmly grabbed the rod, pulling the cart away from Carl. But as it rolled Carl suddenly stooped down and, though drunk, surprised Robert by jerking the cart up and away with both his hands.

"Hey, leave off there, will ya?" Recovering himself, Robert ran to the cart and tightened his grip on the rod once again. "You're gonna knock the damn things over, Carl! Leave off!"

Carl, though, with his body still bent over and both hands gripping the wooden planks, pulled even harder while Robert, one hand on the rod, the other flapping against the cartons to prevent them from toppling over, faced him from the other end. Robert wagged the cart from one side to the other trying to loosen Carl who hung to it like a hooked fish, dangling as floppily as a kite's tail in high wind. In the middle of one sweep however Carl gave the cart another tug and both he and it lurched backwards, the upper most cartons tumbling to one side while he was left sprawled out on his back.

Robert exploded. He let go of the cart and stepped quickly round it to where Carl lay. And as he began to lift himself up from the floor Robert shoved him roughly back down.

"Damn fool!" he cried. "I told you not to go pulling it like that!"

With his clenched fist he struck Carl a second time as he again tried to raise himself, hitting him squarely on his shoulders to send him spinning backwards on his side. He folded down into the floor, his head and neck disappearing behind his clothes and as his body made a thudding sound Robert, seeing nothing but his filthy clothes, thought calmly how easy it was to get rid of distasteful things.

He waited for Carl to try once more but before he himself could make a motion Carl had rolled over on his back. His hair, white and flaky against the grey concrete, was flung out behind his head and crowned his disarray of smeared clothing blotting out the floor. Robert, suddenly worried, searched his clothes for signs of bleeding and his eyes quickly took in the blotch of sweat which coursed in globs about him. For an instant panic caused him to bend over to see whether Carl had any serious injury.

"Are you al...?" He began to reach down.

Carl opened his eyes and looked at Robert, hovering above him like a saving angel. Carl had, however, nothing in them but hate.

Without moving he chortled at Robert who backed away as though fleeing a contagious disease. "If I had known you were so serious I would've gone to Haaree first," Carl's voice seemed to slither round him, isolating him from George, his head hung towards the floor, near the wall. Too embarrassed to excuse himself for what happened he felt at Carl's mercy and waited for whatever he might do next.

Carl raised himself, sitting up first on his haunches and then uncurling himself forward to land on his palms and knees. "You can keep it, Robert," he said inching along towards him while Robert stepped back in fear that Carl would strike him unexpectedly, "but there's one thing that I'll ask..." Carl stood up and brought his hands briskly down over his arms in a motion reminiscent of one who cared about appearances. But it was only an act for Carl's clothes were not any filthier than when he first awoke. "Yeah, only one thing," he continued in the highest, whining pitch his voice could attain. "Let Haaree know..."

"Go to hell!"

Robert moved closer to Carl but he scurried off at his approach, jeering at him, all pretense of reconciliation gone. "Yeah, tell Haaree! Tell him all about it! He's the one that should know, he's the one who has control of it...the cart!" He jumped-past the doorway and headed towards another which led to a set of stairs and, then, outside.

"Remember," he yelled, "I told you they wanted it right away!"

"Go..." Robert let the words drop, sinking back down inside him, for Carl had slipped through the doorway.

He rolled the cart along to the piling which contained the new shipment from South America. Drugs, he thought, though he hadn't had the time to look at them closely. It had been too busy since the day began. Everything had been moved by hand. It was the only way to avoid, he decided, a recurrence of yesterday's fight even though he had to lug smaller parcels up the elevators. It took him so much longer. And still, neither Harry nor Carl had been around all day and so the cart had sat idly in the corner. All the more reason that he felt like a fool for giving in to them. Particularly Carl. He should have gone and done what he needed without worrying about either of them; it always worked out that way before.

The two men were beside him before he even knew they were in the room. He started involuntarily and they whispering, passed by, allowing him the most perfunctory of glances—the type type given every day on the street, acknowledging his existence but little else. One carried a sheath of papers under his arm, the other, a machine of some sort, cradled in front of his belly resting in his folded arms. They disappeared into the hall doorway which led to the office.

"Damn paper shufflers," he thought to himself. "Wonder what they want down here this time?" He lifted his head as though in a trance and sniffed the air like a hunting dog barely catching the scent of the hunt but then, dropping, shook his head, and continued sorting through the boxes of South American medicines.

"Hey! Psst! Hey Bob! Psst!"

He saw George standing a short distance away beckoning to him.

"Yeah?" His voice sounded too loud as he yelled back to him. "What are you whispering for?"

"Shhh! Not so loud. Come over here!"

"What's up, ey? What's so secret?" He left the cart and walked over to him.

"Did you see those two?"

"Yeah. So what?" Robert saw their type all the time. He didn't like them. "What about them?" he asked without enthusiasm.

"I heard them," he said gleefully, "before they went in." George looked from side to side in search of others to whom he could relate the good news. "Do you know why they're here? Huh? Huh?"

"How am I supposed to know that, ey? I don't read minds."

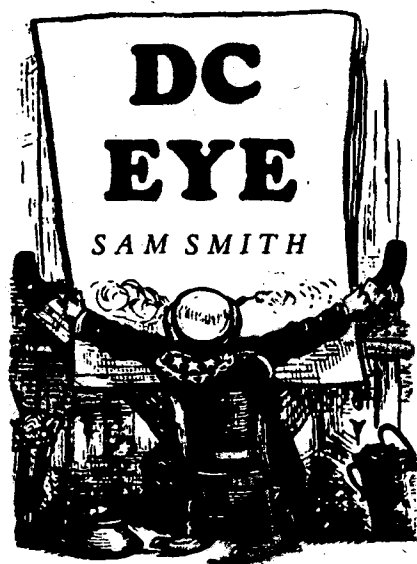
"You don't have to be. Not if you're in the right place." He looked around again and then burst out, "You're gonna love this! They've come to get rid of Haaree!"

"What...?"

"That's right! You heard it. I was sitting down by the boxes and they was walking by. They was trying to figure out which one of them would tell him. Oh boy," George jerked rapidly in his excitement, "ain't that the news though? The best news we had in a long time, getting rid of him!"

Robert looked towards the office. He pictured the three of them in there, Harry, confronted by the two suited men, probably two he never saw before, suddenly told to pack it out of there. Robert had seen it before; they all ended the same way, ended getting bounced out. And just when they thought themselves golden, believed those above them had finally warmed to them and that they had made it. That's when they got it like it was nobody's business right between the eyes.

"Looks like we'll have to break in another," he said to George and returned to his cart.



DC schools and the past

The UDC DC History and Public Policy Project held a day-long conference last month on the DC schools as seen from the past. Papers were prepared on such subjects as governance of education, finance, curriculum development and the reputation of the schools. The papers (which are available for a buck apiece) contained some interesting perspectives from the past, to wit:

- Conflict over who should govern the schools is nothing new. As early as 1858, reports Steven Diner (who coordinated the conference), the mayor vetoed a council bill that would have established the post of superintendent of schools because he didn't like the idea of the superintendent being named by the school board of trustees. He said all executive department heads should be appointed by the mayor. During the 1880s, the Board of Commissioners, which appointed the members of the trustee board, sought to abolish the board because of continuing differences with it over the budget. In 1900, after accusations of improper political influence on the schools, power to appoint board members was placed in the hands of judges.

- Diner believes that the periods of greatest turmoil in the schools have been in times during which the schools have had to confront social changes in the city, "and that proposals to eliminate current problems by tampering with the school governance structure should be made cautiously and only with knowledge of the city's historical experience. A strong superintendent has been in the past a prerequisite to a successful educational program" and "rarely have struggles over school governance had a positive effect on the children."

- Joseph Drew reported that the share that education has occupied in the city budget has declined

precipitously over the years; from roughly one-third earlier in the century it has dropped to 22 percent today. Drew also notes that "Thirty years ago, construction began to occur more steadily and the biggest building program in history was undertaken from 1972 to 1982. Today, ironically, the capital outlay budget is practically a forgotten relic."

- Diner says that before 1945 local schools were measured by what was put into them -- facilities, curriculum, teaching staff etc. -- but not by student achievement. Yet there is ample evidence in teachers' journals and other sources of serious problems in the school system. "Teachers complained in the 1920s and 1930s about the collapse of standards and about high school students who could not read, and standardized test scores confirmed the educational problems in both the black and white divisions. These problems of student achievement were not yet a public issue, however, and the daily press never reported test scores. A 1928 survey of the District's schools by the US Bureau of Efficiency devoted two hundred pages to facilities, budget and staff, for example, but

dismissed student achievement in a single paragraph."

As late as 1949, a study of the schools by a Columbia professor buried documentation of problems in student achievement deep in a massive report that emphasized facilities, administrative and budgetary issues. But then, after desegregation, student achievement immediately became the primary issue in public education and has remained so ever since.

The US News and World Report says that while DC has the highest monthly cost of major cities for homeowners, renters do better here than in a number of places including Long Island, Anaheim, San Jose, and Fort Lauderdale. Rental costs here are forty dollars a month over what they are in New York City and about the same as San Francisco. Best towns for renters: Cincinnati and San Antonio.

According to the Washington Journalism Review, being a hero isn't all it's cracked up to be. Just ask Lenny Skutnik, the man who received so much attention after diving into the Potomac River to save a victim of last

LETTERS

We have felt there to be very valid educational and economic reasons why the District should immediately and forthrightly deal with its problem of seriously underutilized public school facilities.

We do not wish to reiterate those arguments, but only to respond to two related issues which have gained considerable public attention.

The first of these has to do with a mysterious, phantom "baby boom" which some current and former school board members see on the horizon for Washington in the 1980's. In her *Washington Post* column, Mrs. Barbara Lett-Simmons cited "major demographic studies" justifying the retention of a large number of empty D.C. school buildings to handle this mythical influx of school children who are expected to invade the District later in this decade. We would like to see these studies.

One such study most often cited—and quite frequently misrepresented—was the National Institute of Education's body of research referred to in Sunday's *Post* by Frank Shaffer-Corona. The full report, "Declining Enrollments: The Challenge of the Coming Decade," published in 1978, is available from N.I.E. and is useful reading since it supports, for the District, precisely the opposite conclusion from that attributed to it by Mr. Shaffer-Corona.

Yes, there is growth in Houston and in Phoenix and in Albuquerque and other urbanizing pockets of the so-called "Sun Belt." And, yes, the N.I.E. research does indicate a slight resurgence of school-aged population in the next couple of decades for the U.S. as a whole. But, no, this does not portend an onslaught of school-aged youngsters for the District of Columbia anytime during this century or for the foreseeable future beyond.

As a continuing part of N.I.E.'s research, nationwide demographic trends were disaggregated by region and by state in 1982. The demographic profile for the District of Columbia's key conclusion is this:

"The effect of D.C.'s fertility and migration patterns on its school-age population will be one of continued losses and low levels at both the primary and secondary school levels. We project that the [age] 5-13 population will fall from 49,500 in 1985 to 42,000 by 1995, and that the number of 14-17 year olds will decline from 27,500 to 14,500."

Thus, instead of a surge in school-aged population in the next few years, the District should instead be planning against an assumption of a 26 percent loss in school-aged population between 1985 and 1995.

The second issue we wish to discuss is the recent outpouring of interest by various private and non-profit entities in the use of excess school space. This reaction to the school system's public announcement was neither surprising nor does it argue, as some would contend, for continued operation of underutilized buildings by the school system.

There is just no good reason why the school board should go into the real estate management business. One department of general services is quite enough for this city. Except for alternate uses of buildings which are educational in nature and rather directly tied to programs of the public school system, the use of excess school buildings by worthy outside projects could best be facilitated by the closure of such buildings and their return to D.G.S. Excellent examples of this process at work are the conversion of the old Shaw Junior High building to housing, as is now underway, and the use of the old B.B. French School, at 6th and G, S.E., by the Capitol Hill Arts Workshop — which, incidentally, cooperates with and adds enrichment to several nearby public schools. Neither of these worthwhile uses of abandoned school buildings required the involvement of the board of education.

In short, those of us who have children enrolled in the public schools feel that the full time and attention of the board of education should be focused on policy and management functions related to supporting a high quality program of public instruction. Any time the board of education or, at its direction, the administration spend in the maintenance and operation of old school buildings for non-education purposes constitutes time and resources which could have been better spent educating our children.

ROBERT D. BOYD
For the Steering Committee
Ward VI Education Watch

EIGHT MINUTES TO GO

"Eight Minutes to Midnight," a month in the life of Helen Caldicott, will be shown at the Biograph Theater through June 24. This film, which was nominated for an Academy Award, features the founder of Physicians for Social Responsibility. Consult your favorite daily for times.

GOOD PLATFORM, BAD CONSTITUTION

My old math teacher, Miss Darnell, used to warn us not to try to add apples and pianos. Miss Darnell was a wise woman who once got accidentally locked in the Harvard computer back in the days when a person could still fit inside what is now contained in a typewriter-sized console. She came back from that thrilling summer experience to teach us, in the early fifties, the basics of computer math. I don't remember much of about that, but I do remember not to try to add apples and pianos.

That, unfortunately, appears to be what the statehood convention has done. Assigned the task of writing a constitution that would grease the skids of statehood, and help grant us the venerable rights of membership in the union, the convention instead decided to create a whole new order.

It did its chosen task pretty well. Despite what another of my old teachers would have called an unseemly lack of deportment, despite shoving matches, side-tracks, race-baiting, inefficiency, balking word processors, a stingy budget and an extraordinarily miserly grant of time to accomplish its mission, the convention appears to have composed a strikingly progressive agenda for the city. Despite its flaws, inconsistencies and occasional absurdity, a copy should be dispatched to every neo-liberal and paleo-conservative wallowing and waffling Democratic officeholder in the land to show that there is still some business to accomplish other than increasing the president's budget a tad here and there.

On the other hand, the convention has blown its assigned task. Now DC voters and Congress not only have to decide whether they like statehood but whether they agree with a program that probably couldn't pull a majority this side of Sweden. To take but one example, the right of public employees to strike seems to me, as it did to the convention, a too-long overlooked matter of equity in labor relations. But the fact is, as the reaction to the PATCO strike indicated, Congress and the American public generally regard the right of public employees to strike applicable only in Poland.

Other worthy aspects of a progressive agenda that are sure to make it more difficult to obtain statehood include the authorization of the new state to acquire public utilities, creation of an economic development bank, significant improvements in the grand jury system and the protection of gay and abortion rights.

Even if one accepts the overall philosophy of the constitution, the delegates left plenty of room for debate. The development bank, for some curious reason, is treated as a bank of last resort, virtually guaranteeing its insolvency. The referendum section seems to offer considerable opportunity for legislative confusion. The right to a job is nice thought but doesn't mean much without a program behind it. The prohibition against discrimination is limited to "historic" forms of inequity thereby suggesting that it might be all right to discriminate against whites, straights and males. And I naturally take exception to the idea that reporters should be less protected than homosexuals or pregnant women.

But while I'm willing to overlook the convention's hostility towards my craft (it refused to protect confidential sources), I doubt that other critics will be so magnanimous. The tone of the coming attacks was set by a nasty critique in the Post's business page by Jerry Knight. Knight, to be sure, was merely echoing the best thinking of 1920s capitalism but the overall message was that the constitution was foolish and dangerous. Others will be certain to follow in a similar vein, leaving the uninformed voter and the even less informed Congress certain that the document reflects the worst of the Marx brothers, Karl and Groucho.

Even less inherently antagonistic people may lose sight of the fact that the present DC Code isn't such a gem either. It may help to put yourself in the proper frame of mind to deal with this matter, to ask this question: if all the DC laws presently on the books were put up to referendum in aggregate would you vote yea or nay? Many reasonable persons would find an equivalent amount of error, ideological imperfection and distasteful provisions in what we currently have and what it is proposed we get.

The question won't be posed like that, however, and hence the dilemma. Do we vote yes and send the constitution to the moral and political stockyards of Capitol Hill to have done to it what happens in such places, or do we vote no and try at some future time to produce a constitution that eases the cause of statehood rather than impeding it?

I don't have an answer. I would have much preferred the convention had presented a boiler-plate constitution, perhaps plagiarizing the stolid work of Kansas or Iowa, and saved the new order until later. But that's all water over the meter. What the convention has done is turn the issue from the agenda of statehood to an internal agenda for this still-colony and, perhaps, for others in the country as well. The document may be the most progressive political program ever presented by an elected body in the United States. What has happened is that the convention has written a bad constitution but, with some glaring exceptions, a good platform. We should at least consider accepting the document for what it is and worry about statehood later.

The mere convention approval of the constitution should, if nothing else, make a few politicians and journalists realize that there exists in this country views other than those of George Gilder and Patrick Moynihan, that the circumference of the American political circle is not described by Tom Braden and Pat Buchanan. And it may just prod Congress into moves to placate further those wild and crazy people at the foot of their mountain lest they next demand that DC become a free port.

Perusing the provisions of the constitution and deleting a few ideological idiocies, I get the impression that when DC is allowed to join the union it will be a nice state -- decent, fair and progressive. It's too bad that now we'll have to wait a while longer to enjoy it, but in the meanwhile there are some things to we can do to improve our little colony. The statehood convention, if nothing else, has suggested some of them. -- s.s.

[Washington Tribune]

winter's Air Florida crash. Skutnik, who was praised by President Reagan before a nationwide TV audience, says he's come away from the experience with a bitter attitude, especially toward reporters who covered the incident. Skutnik says reporters harassed him, exaggerated his accomplishments and even suggested he saved the victim's life only to win publicity.

§

Betty Ann Kane drifted further into the camp of the realtors with her opposition to the pending repair and deduct legislation designed to help tenants deal with landlords who don't

maintain their properties. The legislation would allow tenants to repair housing code violations and deduct the costs from their rents, after notifying and giving landlords a chance to make repairs. Similar laws are in effect in 20 states.

§

A number of ANCs have come out strongly against the proposed rules restricting ANC participation in BZA cases. Among the ANCs coming out against the rules are the Cleveland Park ANC, the Capitol Hill-NE ANC and the Downtown-Shaw ANC. The rules seem a deliberate attempt to weaken the ANCs powers in the zoning adjustment cases.

§

We underrated Arrington Dixon in the last issue. He has the most pro-Board of Trade voting record on the city council, not the second most as we said. Sorry, Arrington.

§

The annual banquet of the Getrude Stein Democratic Club netted over \$8000 for the club's campaign fund. A number of key Democrats attended the dinner including Ann Lewis, political director of the Democratic National Committee, Joe Rauh and Mayor Barry. Gays working in behalf of Marion Barry plan a float to be used during the Gay Pride Day parade on

June 20. Gay Barry supporters can get involved in the campaign by calling Joe Tom Easley at 265-9500 or Jim Bennett at 462-6969.

§

Only a handful of the persons named to the new statehood commission, which is meant to lobby on behalf of

the city for statehood, have been active in the statehood movement. On the other hand, the commission includes such erstwhile statehood adversaries and apathetics as Walter Fauntroy, Robert S. Carter (chair of the local GOP), John Hechinger, Patricia Harris, and William Spaulding. This development confirms my earlier

prediction that when DC becomes a state, a statue will be erected on Western Plaza of the Rev. Fauntroy, who will be identified on the pedestal as the "Father of Statehood." I am, however, a firm believer in political redemption and, besides, if these are the sort of times when Mike Davis can end up writing for the Moonies, we really shouldn't be surprised by anything.

§

Attendees at a candidate forum held by the Spring Valley Citizens Association had the rare treat of seeing four candidates for public office totally floored by a question. A gentleman arose and asked whether the candidates (for Ward Three city council) would "enforce the laws of the District in Squares 1540 and 1541." The moderator asked the citizen to elaborate on his question, but he simply reiterated it. Ruth Dixon was the first to pull out of terrible silence. She revealed that she had spoken to the questioner as she was coming into the meeting and she thought he was bothered by traffic on Western Avenue.

§

According to the local Newspaper Guild's Washington Post unit, the new president of the Washington Post Company, Richard D. Simmons, will be earning a salary and bonuses this year of at least \$385,000, about \$12,000 more than Ms. Graham herself earned last year. In addition, Simmons got a \$300,000 interest-free loan to enable him to buy a residence here, and the company agreed to pay his moving expenses up to \$80,000 (plus the federal and state income taxes on such payments). If Simmons gets the ax in the next few years he should



Roses & Thorns

ROSES TO THE NATIONAL LEADER, a new black newspaper which is nicely edited and written, well designed, and generally handled as a thoughtful publication rather than a propaganda sheet. Subscriptions are \$26 a year from Publishers Enterprises National Inc., 1422 Chestnut St., Suite 800, Philadelphia Pa. 19102.

ROSES TO THE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION for beginning the planting of 3000 trees in the city this spring. The city has about 100,000 trees in DC-maintained space as well as another 100,000 in federally-maintained park areas. Most of the trees are elms, maples or oaks. Says DOT director Thomas Downs, trees "purify the air, prevent soil erosion, modify summer temperatures, reduce traffic noise and enhance the appearance of neighborhoods."

THORNS TO THE WASHINGTON POST for carried the concept of zoned news a little too far. Eagle eyes at the Washington Trib caught the District Weekly running a story on how the ~~Reno Road~~ control plan was working. The Maryland Weekly ran the same story, minus the last third (matter about decreases in traffic accidents and the like) and carried a headline reading "Reno Road Restrictions Clog Side Streets."

ROSES TO THE GANNETT CHAIN for its prototype edition of USA Today, the national newspaper that hits the streets here next fall. USA Today has made a leap in newspaper design and approach; It's heavy on full-color, graphics and short features. While you'll be able to zip through a copy between Van Ness and Metro Center, it at least offers hope that DC will have some enjoyable daily reading once again. One of the features we liked best was two pages of news briefs from each state of the union.

THORNS TO THE WASHINGTON TIMES for proving that it is possible to put out a paper duller than the Washington Post. We understand the Rev. Moon, who's behind this tedious publication, is considered by some to be the messiah. If this is what the second coming is like, we're leaving. It is, however, good to see the by-lines of Mike Davis and Judy Bachrach again and occasional pieces (like Smith Hempstone's article on whether Episcopalians would ultimately take over the Post, "commonly referred to as the "Grahamie paper") catch the eye, but the national and foreign coverage and columns seem to run from the redundant to the rightist. The national-foreign side seems vaguely reminiscent of the old Daily News or the pre-born-again Star. We keep expecting to read accolades to John Bricker and Walter Judd.

THORNS TO WAMU-FM for abruptly firing Ed Walker, Ed Merritt, and weekend DJs Marc Ferre and Rick Colom. The general manager, Susan Harmon, says it will all make WAMU "more consistent," although the great charm of that station has been its deliberate refusal to bow to the god of homogeneity. WAMU has been one of the few stations in the country that still believed it was possible to air programs rather than a format.

THORNS TO CHANNEL FOUR for using Henry Tannebaum as a co-anchor during the 530pm portion of its evening news. Three minutes of Henry is about all a normal person can stand and the Hostess Twinkie approach to the news even when, for example, hundreds are dying in the Falklands, is a little hard to take. Jim Vance, fortunately, restores professionalism at six.

Supporting Subscriptions

In some European countries, small circulation political and alternative journals keep going with the aid of supporting subscribers who contribute a sum in addition to the normal subscription fee to aid the publication in its work. You will note on your renewal form that there is such a category. We hope you will indicate your support of our efforts by subscribing at the supporting rate of \$15 a year rather than the normal \$5. This will allow us not only to continue as an advocacy journal, but to carry on various activities which, while desirable, are not particularly cost-effective e.g. reaching public officials and groups that might not otherwise subscribe, subsidizing subscriptions for prisoners and low-income persons, and serving as a resource for groups and individuals seeking social change. We hope you will become a supporting subscriber when you renew, which, incidentally, you can do right now by sending us \$15 and a sample of your mailing label. Mail to DC Gazette, 1739 Conn. Ave. NW, DC 20009. Thank you.

get over a half-million dollars in termination payments. Meanwhile, Simmons's predecessor, Mark Meagher, got more than a half-million bucks for surrendering his stock options and will receive \$84,000 each year for the next fifteen years. The Post Unit newsletter notes that "Presidents of the Washington Post Company last about as long as their good relationships with Chairman Katherine Graham, who, although she's stepped back from the daily operation in recent years, remains the majority stockholder and ultimate power, Barron's said in a February 1 article. 'The last three presidents' relations stayed good for about three years. A stream of executives passing through lower-ranking jobs also has helped build the Post Company's reputation for revolving-door management.'"

§
You've heard alot, no doubt, about how the Reno Road experiment has increased traffic on side streets. Here, based on the Department of Trans-

portation's January report, is what the city actually found:

If you take a liberal interpretation of a phrase like "terrible impact," a standard of one additional car every minute might be considered the threshold at which a few people might begin to get annoyed. Well, DOT surveyed 19 side streets off of Reno. On only six of them was there an increase in traffic greater than this level. Here are the one hour morning rush hour changes on note:

- McKinley (east of 41st St.) 64 more cars an hour.
- Livingston (east of 41st St.) 111 more cars an hour.
- Military (west of 41st St.) 62 more cars an hour.
- Warren (east of Reno) 136 more cars an hour.
- Van Ness (east of Reno) 60 more cars an hour
- Porter (east of Reno) 77 more cars an hour.

§

No DC firms make the list of the top 15 black businesses in the country (Motown is still first) but Industrial Bank and United National Bank are 5th and 6th on the list of black banks and Independence Savings and Loan is number four among black savings and loans.

§

MOON'S OVERMIASMA: A few days after the Washington Times hit the streets, its most exalted oberpublisher, the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, got convicted of income tax evasion. As an early test of the paper's ability to deal with the peculiar nature of its genesis and operation, the editors deserve credit for playing the item on page one and using straight AP wire copy. They lose points, however, for mentioning the Unification's Church's interest in a fishing fleet in Gloucester Mass., but not its recent infatuation with journalism.

§

15 YEARS AGO in the pages of the Gazette

The House of Representatives last month ripped up the District government's capital budget for new school construction in Capitol East.

A.I.A. Condemns Library Plans

Plans for the new Madison Memorial Library annex to the Library of Congress have been criticized by the American Institute of Architects, but it was hard to say who was criticized most--Congress or Capitol Architect George Stewart.

It turns out that Congress asked for the impossible: it requested a building with 1,700,000 square feet of floor area for the site east of the Cannon House Office Building, but said that the building should be in a "park-like" setting.

Because the building was limited in height (it must be lower than the cornice line of the Capitol), Stewart had no alternative (except telling Congress he couldn't do it) but to sacrifice the park-like setting, have no grand lobbies or halls, and build the structure with 9-1/2 foot ceilings. The result, according to the American Institute of Architects--which was charged by Congress to oversee the planning--was an "overpowering" and "inhuman" building.

In fact, the A. I. A. reported that the present plans called for a building no more park-like than the Cannon Building. The A. I. A. stated that it hoped Congress would exercise a little more foresight and reason in future building requests.

It approved only \$1.2 million in new funds -- \$7.3 million less than requested. Among the projects killed for the second time in as many years was the controversial addition to Hine Jr. High School. House action on the DC budget also hit Recreation Department projects, although \$54,000 in planning money was approved for the Near SE Pool. The vote on the pool was a major victory for local groups that have been fighting for the facility.

The proposed Car barn playground at 14th & East Capitol St. was rejected. The District had asked for \$1 million for aquisition of the site.

§

Every elementary, junior high, and senior high school in Capitol East, with the exception of Brent Elementary School, ranks below national student reading norms.

§

First run movies coming to Capitol East. The Penn Theater reopened late last month, after a brief remodelling period, with the first Washington performance of "The Chelsea Girls," Andy Wharhol's underground film. Area residents, long accustomed to fare such as "I Was a Teenage Werewolf" and "Escape from Fort Bravo" will now be able to attend major American and European films in their own neighborhood for the first time. Donald King, manager of the Town Theater Group, which owns the two movie houses, told the Gazette that "we feel the Hill is now ready for good films."

§

Circle-on-the-Hill's Market Day netted about \$2300 for Friendship House programs.

Auto, Hydrant Hit it Off Well

JUNE GOT OFF to a wet start on Penna. Ave. SE when early on the morning on the 1st, a car hit a hydrant and turned the street into a river. The occupants stayed inside the vehicle for a half-hour while police, ambulance-men, tow truck drivers and the crowd from Julie's stood safely on dry land and kibitzed over what to do. Finally, a fearless tow truck operator appeared on the scene, took off his shoes and socks, rolled up his pants and waded to the assistance of the stranded couple.

§

The Afro-American front-paged the story that the Post didn't tell us about: how that daily turned down a book store ad for buttons with legends such as "Black Power," "God is Alive in the White House," "Student Power," etc. "Bad taste," said the Post.

§

The National Capital Planning Commission has dreamed up a new name for part of Near Northeast. They call it Stanton Park. Meant to build community identification or something like that. There's too much irony in calling an area which is in desperate need of recreation facilities after one of its few green spots. Funniest flap around here of late involve the excremental activities of a Capitol Hill dog owned by a local figure. The dispute got so heated that the matter in question was removed from one restored lawn to another.

The Robert J. McCloskey problem at the Post, to which I have alluded in the past, is becoming more serious. McCloskey, the paper's ombudsman, writes in a turgid bureaucratic style. Worse, he has taken to recommending the same to other writers at that paper. Tom Shales, for example. McCloskey took exception to Shales' piece on "People Like Us," in which he suggested that the president was a "boob," "cad" and "in the lap of luxury while Americans go hungry." Shales also referred to the "Reagan administration and its cavalier treatment of the poor."

McCloskey actually proposed that "it could be argued that 'cavalier treatment' is a judgement better left to political commentators," as though some special expertise is necessary to perceive the glaring phenomenon that Shales noted. Besides, more than a few people trust Shales's perceptions in such matters a damn sight further than they do those of Carl Rowan or Joseph Kraft and the rest of the mental gangrene gang in the op-ed ward. McCloskey goes on: "Elsewhere, when he says 'neither Reagan nor any of his army of gray spokesmen and ax-wielding henchmen is seen' seems more than necessary to make a simple point."

"Mr. Shales is an estimable reviewer whose work is often praised and rarely faulted. All critics -- book, theater, art, television -- function within limits. Generally this means that critics avoid competing with the topic under review, thereby leaving no opening for the charge the critic is a hit man working on targets of convenience. The writ accorded a critic carries with it a firm requirement for ~~relevance and fairness~~. It is exceeded if one takes advantage of simply letting off offensive steam."

This boobish approach to criticism would have, of course, excluded some of the great American critics including Mark Twain and H. L. Mencken. It also reminds me of a subtle little trick that politicians and bureaucrats have been using in the post-sixties era. Where once such people talked about "rights," now more and more speeches, regulations, and policy statements refer to something called "rights and responsibilities." As in "We hold these truths to be self-evident within certain limits. . . ."

It is a sad fact that school teachers all over America repress students' writing ability through just the sort of twaddle offered us by McCloskey. At the heart of American education is a constant striving for blandness and bureaucratic butt-shielding so well exemplified by McCloskey's prose. McCloskey has nothing to teach Shales about writing and if he doesn't have the grace to understand that, at least some of the Post editors should.

§

WM. A. HARDISTY,



408 WASHINGTON ST., ANACOSTIA, D. C.



LENNY BRUCE MEETS JOHN BELUSHI

Paul Krassner

...and if you live, your time will come.

—Mose Allison

The reason I once decided to eat a hash brownie before going on the Mike Douglas show was that a train took two hours to get from New York to Philadelphia, and that was exactly how long it would take for the brownie to come on. So I know an omen when I ingest it.

Now I'm fairly high on the mellow meter to begin with, and the hashish merely served to intensify the serenity of my demeanor, yet I allowed something offensive said by another guest on the show break through the haze and press my self-righteousness button. I lost my counter-cultural cool.

Character actor Jessie White is best known for his starring role in the Maytag commercials. He plays the part of a lonely man who's supposed to repair washing machines for a living, only his brand is so superbly manufactured that no one ever calls him. He's a veritable folk hero among video housewives, and I had to insult him publicly. I don't even remember what he said that triggered my response. I just recall blurting out, "You're a Jessie White racist!"

How could I have indulged in such nerd-like aggression? And on network television! I brooded in private purgatory.

Months later, while looking for a job on the writing staff of the original *Saturday Night Live*, I was sitting in Michael O'Donoghue's office. John Belushi charged through the doorway like a satyr in a head shop. He rushed toward me, shook hands vigorously and said, "I never read your book, but I saw you on TV and I liked the way you called that guy a racist. . . ."

This was equivalent to being granted absolution for a sin by the Pope himself.

After returning to San Francisco, I mailed Belushi a few choice copies of *The Realist*. He sent back a note thanking me and saying that he didn't read them—"too many words"—but that he knew it was good stuff because Michael O'Donoghue told him so.

However, when I reviewed *The Blues Brothers* in *High Times* as though I were the film critic for

Car and Driver magazine—featuring the Dodge Monaco as true protagonist—I heard from Belushi again: "Hey, I finally read something you wrote. . . ."

Although *Saturday Night Live* producer Lorne Michaels had told me in his office that he'd call, he never got around to it. Several years and a couple of producers later, I was finally invited to submit material.

I had been head writer for a Home Box Office special taking off on the 1980 presidential election campaign, with Steve Allen as anchor-host. HBO is owned by Time-Life, and although they said they wanted hard-hitting satire, what they really wanted was refried cotton candy. The frustration of that experience drove me back to performing as a standup comic, where it's just you and the audience, direct and unfiltered.

So now I sent *Saturday Night Live* a dozen pages of controversial humor—dealing with abortion rights and Guatemalan rebels, with drug paraphernalia and arms sales to both Egypt and Israel—figuring that I would not hear from them again. Which was okay; I didn't want to be hired on false premises.

But head writer Bob Tischler did call, saying that he liked the *content* but that producer Dick Ebersol wanted to see a couple of sketches so they could be sure I knew how to work with the *form*. "But don't change your point of view," he emphasized. I was elated.

Next day came the news of John Belushi's death. I tried to keep my balance between celebration and mourning, until the two emotions blended into one process. I decided to see his last movie, *Neighbors*. I knew it was not supposed to be a cinematic masterpiece, but I went as a personal pilgrimage.

Belushi had maintained a consistent passion for anarchistic behavior, from the slob in *Animal House* who transformed himself into a human zit, to the reporter in *Continental Divide* who brought romance to a new level by marrying the woman he loved even though they would live apart due to differing lifestyles.

In *Neighbors*, there is a scene where Belushi is being sucked down into quicksand. Dan Aykroyd

refuses to help unless he 'admits' that he *willed* a bath towel to fall off Aykroyd's seductive wife. Belushi's desire to survive forces the false admission just before his head goes under; then Aykroyd rescues him.

It reminded me of the time Manson family member Sandra Good told me how she had a fantasy of killing "the grey people"—ordinary citizens (such as the kind Belushi portrays in *Neighbors*)—so that they could experience "the total Now," thanks to her delusions of altruism, at that final moment. And indeed, the Belushi character decides to run away with the unconventional Aykroyd pair because they have given him a rare taste of excitement, sadism notwithstanding.

Back in real life, Belushi and Aykroyd had been scheduled to appear at the Academy Awards to present the Oscar for best visual effects.

If Andy Kaufman is the Son of Sam of Comedy, John Belushi will become the James Dean of Comedy, a comparison that might have applied to Lenny Bruce—who died to make the world safe for *Saturday Night Live*—but Lenny remains an abstract reference because there is hardly any *visual* record of his work, just two out-of-context appearances on the old Steve Allen show and a film of his performance at the Off-Broadway (now a porno movie house) in San Francisco when his creative energy was somewhat diverted into reading legal documents to the audience.

The perception of Lenny Bruce today is often limited to imagery of Dustin Hoffman sniveling his way through the film *Lenny*. There was even a soundtrack album of Dustin doing Lenny complaining about district attorneys perverting his act in court.

Lenny used to think it was just the competitive egos of cops that got him busted for obscenity and dope in one city after another, but shortly before

his death he went to the San Francisco office of the FBI, asking them to investigate a conspiracy against him by police departments around the country. The request was acted upon by placing it in his own FBI file.

For years I believed that Lenny's heroin overdose was murder, but I eventually tracked down his final connection, and it turned out to be his own stepfather, Tony Viscarra, who recently died from shooting up cocaine. Lenny's mother, Sally Marr, told Tony in my presence, "Listen, if *you* had wanted the dope, Lenny would've gotten it for *you*."

Such compassion was inherited by her son and became the living underbelly of his every satirical thrust.

Now, somewhere in Comedy Heaven, Lenny Bruce greets John Belushi: "You can't live your whole life on applause." Belushi replies, "Wise up, Lenny!" And the two spirits embrace.

A week after Belushi's death, I was performing at the Kuumbwa Jazz Club in Santa Cruz. Opening for me was Jim Morris, an impressionist who

Bright Morning Star, which includes DC's own Ken Giles on violin, has a new album out called "Vaguely Reminiscent," featuring the songs of Charlie King. The record can be obtained for \$6.50 from Bright Morning Star, PO Box 922, Greenfield, MA 01302.

does Ronald Reagan holding a press conference with questions from the audience. Someone called out, "Why did you have the CIA kill John Belushi?" Reagan was at a loss for the appropriate answer.

ABC News led their report with Belushi's death—a heart attack was still considered the possible cause—and that same evening *Nightline* devoted itself to covering the tragedy, culminating with a sketch from *Saturday Night Live* in which Belushi, repeating the phrases of a foreign language instructor, collapses from an imitative heart attack.

Choking on food was another possible cause. Would NBC News show Belushi doing his classic Liz Taylor choking to death while gorging on a chicken drumstick?

When the truth came out about his drug overdose, would CBS News feature the sketch where his nose and mouth are covered with white powder? Or the one in a Greek restaurant where Coca-Cola replaces the Pepsi machine and Belushi shouts: "Coke! Coke! Coke! Coke! Coke!..."

On March 9th, a Cable News Network voice-over was saying, "Comedian John Belushi was buried today," actually accompanied by that scene from *Neighbors* where Belushi is sinking into the quicksand.

It was beyond bad taste. It was, in fact, a moment of transcendental irreverence. For that is precisely the legacy of John Belushi.

A 12-year-old boy was watching the funeral on the news, and somehow couldn't quite totally separate Belushi's dead body from just another *Saturday Night Live* sketch about to unfold.

"Samurai corpse," he announced.

Then he turned to his slightly dismayed mother and added, "I'll bet John Belushi would've liked that."

LIFE & RELATED SUBJECTS

This is the time of year to gather up your family and all your available money and decide what you're going to do on your summer vacation. You should get an opinion from everybody, including your children, because, after all, they are family members too, even though all they do is sit around and watch television and run up huge orthodontist bills and sneer at plain old affordable U.S. Keds sneakers, demanding instead elaborate designer athletic footwear that costs as much per pair as you paid for your first car. On second thought, the heck with what your children want to do. You can notify them of your vacation plans via memorandum.

The cheapest vacation is the kind where you just stay home, avoiding the hassle and expense of travel and getting to know each other better as a family and gagging with boredom. Another option is to put the whole family into the car and take a trip. That's what my family did, back in the 50's. We usually went to Florida, which has a lot of tourist attractions, always announced by large, fading roadside signs:

SEE THE WORLD'S OLDEST
SHELL MUSEUM AND
SNAKE RODEO - 1 MILE

We had a system for car travel. My father would drive; my mother would periodically offer to drive, knowing that my father would not let her drive unless he went blind in both eyes and lapsed into a coma; and my sister and I would sit in the back seat and read "Archie" comic books for the first 11 miles, then punch each other and scream for the remaining 970. My father tended to stop at a lot of tourist attractions, so he could walk around and smoke cigarettes and try to persuade himself not to lock my sister and me in the trunk and abandon the car.

I bet we stopped at every tourist attraction in Florida. A lot of them involved alligators, which are as common in Florida as retirees. You'd pay your money and go

into this fenced-in area that was rife with alligators, which sounds dangerous but wasn't, because alligators are the most jaded reptiles on earth. They'd just lie around in the muck with their eyes half-open, looking like they'd been out playing cards and drinking for four consecutive nights. Sometimes, to liven things up, a tourist-attraction personnel would wrestle an alligator. This was always advertised as a death-defying feat, but the alligators never seemed interested. They would just lie there, hung over, while the tourist-attraction personnel dragged them around for a few minutes. It was as exciting as watching somebody move a large carpet. I would have much preferred to watch two tourist-attraction personnel wrestle each other, and I imagine the alligators would have agreed.

These days, the tourist attractions in Florida are much more educational. For example, Disney World has rides where you get in these little cars and travel through a gigantic replica of a human heart, pausing in the aorta to see an electronic robot imitate Abraham Lincoln giving the Gettysburg Address, then zipping down a chute and splashing into a pond. Another educational thing to do on vacation is visit an authentic colonial historic site, where people in authentic colonial garb demonstrate how our ancestors made candles by hand. I'd say one historic site is plenty, because, let's face it, after you've watched people make candles for a few minutes, you're ready to go back to watching people haul alligators around.

Your biggest vacation expenses, besides tourist-attraction admission fees, are food and lodging. You can keep your food costs down by eating at one of the many fine roadside stands, such as the Dairy Queen, the Dairy Freeze, the Dairy

King, the Frozen Dairy Queen, the Freezing King of the Dairy, the Dozing Fairy Queen, and so on. Although many nutrition-conscious parents worry that the food sold at these stands is nothing more than sugar, the truth is that it also contains more than the minimum daily adult requirement of gelatin, which builds the strong fingernails children need in the back seat on long car trips.

Lodging is a trickier problem. If you don't mind outdoor pit toilets, you can stay at public campsites. On the other hand, if you don't mind outdoor pit toilets, you need psychiatric help. You can also look for cheap motels, the ones that have rooms for \$8 a night, but generally these rooms have 1952 Philco televisions and large tropical insects. So your best bet is to stay with friends or relatives. If you have no friends or relatives where you plan to vacation, you can still get free lodging if you use this proven system: Make a list of 10 random names and addresses, with yours at the top. Then obtain the telephone directory for the area you want to visit, pick a dozen names at random, and send each one a copy of your list and this letter:

"Do not throw away this letter! This is a chain letter! It was started by nuns shortly after the Korean War, and it has NEVER BEEN BROKEN! To keep the chain going, all you have to do is provide lodging for a week for the family at the top of the enclosed list! Within a year, you will receive 1,285,312 offers of free lodging, enough free lodging to last for the rest of your life! If you break the chain, you will die a horrible death!"

That should get you all the lodging you need. Have a swell trip, and be sure to write.

[Feature Associates]

Dave Barry

NAMING NAMES

Larry Bush

For gays, the aftermath of the arrest of Representative Bob Bauman for homosexual acts was an intense soul searching. Should gays protect gays, as they had Bauman, no matter how antigay their public politics?

That is the question increasingly on the minds of many in the gay community, and it was not the first time I had wondered what the right answer is. Shortly after Reagan was elected, I attended a number of parties welcoming the gay Reagan staffers to Washington. As I looked around the room I wondered how these people could be openly gay in here and still be allies with the Moral Majority. Only days before, I had interviewed top Carter aides at the White House about their forecasts for gay issues. Their grim assessment had led them to box up and remove the names of all their gay community contacts, rather than leave them for Reagan's staff. Now I saw that at least some of those men going into the White House or publicly allied with the Moral Majority were walking in the door with boyfriends on their arms.

When is it responsible—if ever—to disclose the homosexuality of someone who has not volunteered that information? In today's political climate, are there obligations to make that information public about various New Right and New Christian Right leaders allied in a campaign to severely curtail the rights of gay citizens?

In Washington today members of the openly gay community have contacts throughout the city no matter what the political season. I knew of no presidential candidate in either 1976 or 1980 who did not have a gay staffer at a high level, staffers who believed their gay identity was unknown to the candidate. In many of those cases, the staffer quietly passed on the private musings of presidential aspirants on gay civil rights, musings that sometimes were more liberal than their public utterances and sometimes more conservative if not almost homophobic. It has been just such glimpses that often have led to gays being very cautious allies with the liberal politicians who appear publicly committed to gay civil rights goals, just as such glimpses leave gays uncertain about Reagan who privately opposes antigay views.

Members of Congress discreetly let it be known that they can be relied upon, and one gay member of Congress joked with another that perhaps they should launch the "fruit fly" caucus. There are gays known to the gay community in the leadership of the New Right, in the liberal leadership, the antiabortion movement, the Pentagon's "E" ring of inner sanctums, the CIA, the FBI. Increasingly they recognize the role the gay activist community plays in creating a more tolerant climate, and the result is often a new consideration for what obligations they should accept in return.

It is not that gays have become free to "flaunt" their "perversions," nor is it that a fifth column is quietly shaping up in Washington that one day will overthrow the current patterns of discrimination. It is simply that the idea that gay people are related in some ways to each other is taking hold, and bringing with it such relief to those who have felt isolated and alone that virtually no barrier can stand in its way. Not even the barrier of virulent homophobia that surrounds the New Right and the New Christian Right is impervious.

As heartening as this may be to politically active and open gays in theory, the reality has been to create considerable anguish. The frustration goes right to the guts. Gays refer to this inhibition that keeps them from speaking publicly and naming names as "The Code," and what is amazing is that despite all the provocations, that code of silence has never been broken.

Gay activist and Democratic Party official Jim Foster told me about the time he traveled to Miami to help fight Anita Bryant's crusade

against the Dade County gay rights ordinance only to learn from gays that one of Bryant's aides was a homosexual. When Foster himself was involved in a public debate with that person, Foster says he was unable to make a strong case for gay civil rights because he was completely distracted by the question of how a closeted person would dare lead such a crusade. Still, Foster and other gays said nothing publicly.

In a medium-sized city in a mid-Atlantic state, the mayor last year publicly urged his police department to begin cracking down on gays who were using adult bookstores for sexual trysts. The entire panoply of antigay rhetoric soon spread, with the mayor joining in. There was no sizable gay community there, and virtually no organized gay group. But the mayor was homosexual, and was known personally by gay activists in another city he visited for private encounters with other gays. Again, the debate about what to do was kept entirely in gay circles.

In a southern state, a candidate for governor is a closeted homosexual. He has previously used public position to ridicule gay rights claims as "bizarre," and refuses as a candidate to meet with gay groups. Members of those same groups find him at closed gay barbecues and small dinner parties, where he smiles indulgently and pleads that his position is "just politics." What some people call "just politics" can have a devastating impact. An American Psychologist Association study documented the link between antigay rhetoric and antigay street violence. Last year in San Francisco 17 gay men were murdered in separate attacks; nationwide the toll could be as high as 40. The anger gays feel is as much personal as it is political. "If our opponents don't stop telling lies about us," said Adlai Stevenson in 1952, "we're going to start telling the truth about them." So far, gays have remained silent.

Just as the gay community is being forced to confront its silence, journalists find themselves questioning their own silence. The accepted practice about publicly disclosing someone's homosexuality has always been to report it only when it

became a matter of public record. Almost invariably, the public record was an arrest record. It was by this criteria that such well-known conservative leaders as Representative Bob Bauman, Republican of Maryland and Representative Jon Hinson, Republican of Mississippi, had their homosexual conduct disclosed. A similar list of less well-known individuals, prominent in their local communities for promulgating conservative causes, have also figured in recent news stories.

It is arguable, however, that the process of the general media disclosing homosexuals has been underpinned by a close relationship with police officials. In many cities, police officials immediately notify the press when arrests for homosexual conduct are made, and urge that the arrests be treated as newsworthy.

The effect of this "police blotter" journalism has been traditionally to treat homosexuality as something one did—often illegally—that fell somewhere between shoplifting and armed robbery. And the tradition lingers on, perhaps the greatest inhibition keeping gays from naming gay names.

Gays are successfully changing police attitudes in many cities, however; where resistance continues gays have gone far in challenging the image of police impartiality. Both approaches are bound to have an effect on journalists' use of police as a source on homosexuality.

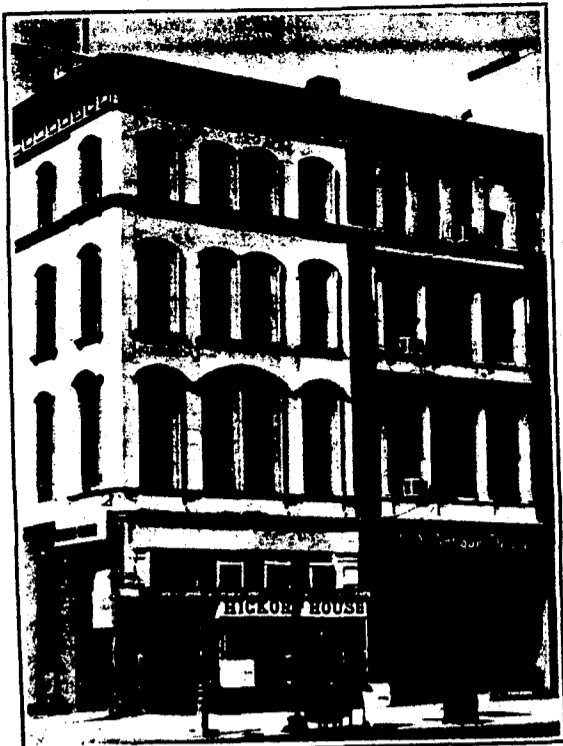
Perhaps the most significant reason the media is reexamining its "police blotter" approach is, again, the success of the gay liberation message; it argues that being a gay goes to a core sense of identity that can have many meanings and which cannot be isolated as a crime or aberration. The implications are profound. Already, this has affected biographies, where the past reluctance to discuss the central character's homosexuality and its relevance is being overcome, and it certainly long ago became acceptable in fiction.

What the public has not yet seen in print, or in front of a camera, are the private discussions of what this issue may mean for living persons. If being gay is important to understanding a person's character, or his actions, is the absence of that in-



A BRIEF TOUR OF THE ARCH

by Wieb



2 OF THE 4 EXISTING BUILDINGS STILL ON MARKET SQUARE (FROM PAMPHLET PUBLISHED BY NATIONAL TRUST FOR HISTORIC PRESERVATION).

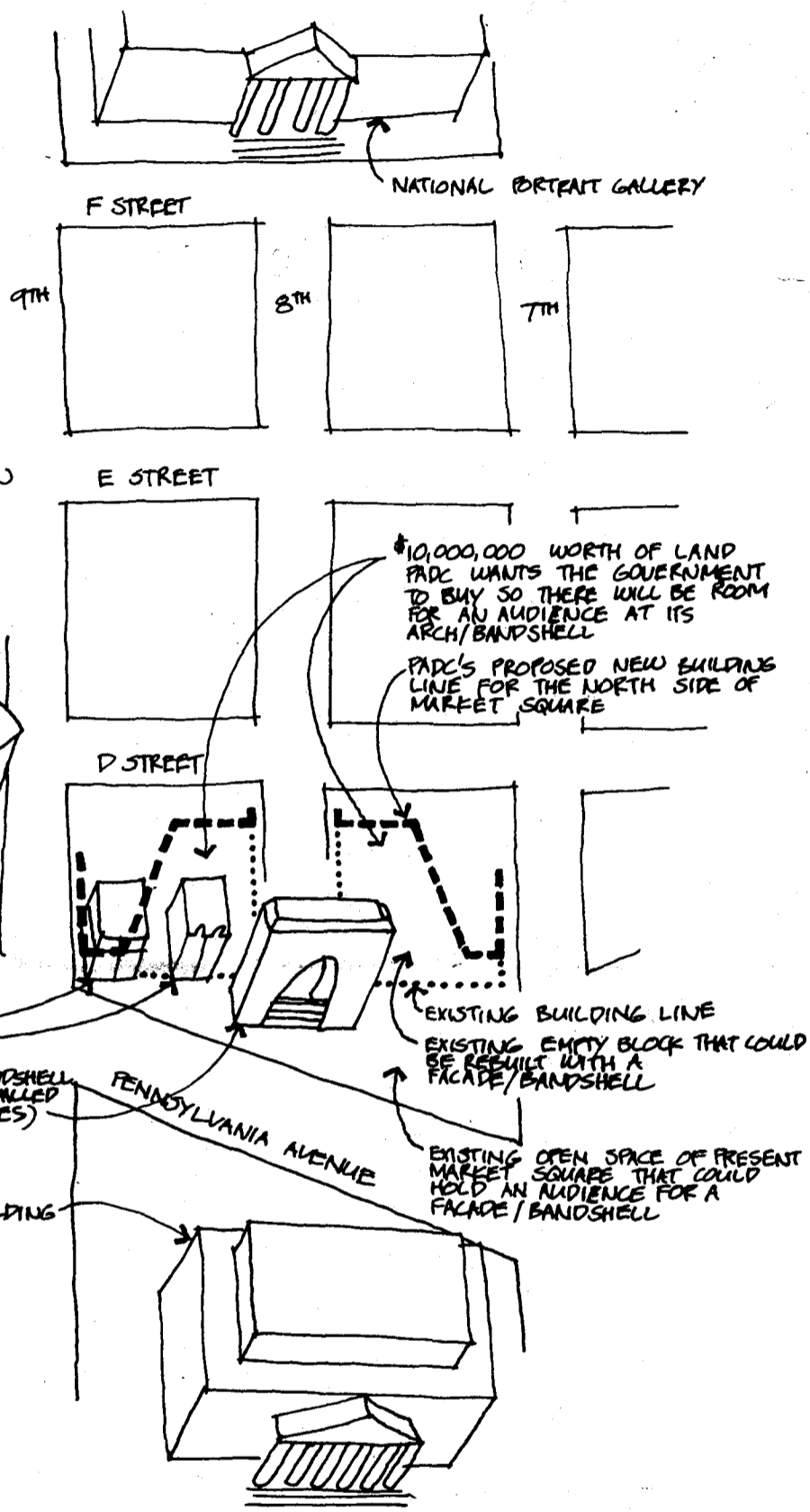


DIAGRAM OF PADC'S PLANS FOR AN ARCH/BANDSHELL & FOR A MARKET SQUARE REVISION (WITH NOTES REGARDING ALTERNATIVES)

5-10-82

formation a critical distortion that misleads the public? That is the issue that lies just beyond the question of hypocrisy in the New Right: what if homosexuality is relevant on its own merits alone? But it is the question of hypocrisy by closeted gays who are publicly antigay that is the current focus and that is an issue debated long and hard in the gay communities themselves.

"There's a lot of moral anger involved in this issue," answered Vito Russo, a long-time gay activist and author of *The Celluloid Closet*. Disclosing names is something Russo has at times been urged to do by the media in writing about Hollywood, and also something he has occasionally been angry enough to want to do.

"Every star who is in the public eye does the community a disservice by pretending to be straight," Russo said. "By their silence, they are reinforcing the idea that America is straight. Their silence alone is treason. On one hand, one wants to say, 'Let the battle rage and let 200 libel suits bloom,' just take out an ad in *The New York Times* and name everyone who is gay and then rot

in jail with a smile on your face. But then the human side of you takes over, and you see how fascistic that can be, in the sense that you are dealing with people's lives, and they have a right to do with it what they want no matter how repellent to you. It produces a tremendous amount of anger and frustration because it is literally a no-win situation.

"What's significant is that we had these questions 15 years ago, when we had these fags working against us, and these people are still around."

Yet Russo himself blocked an effort to use his book to make innuendos about who in Hollywood might be gay. "US magazine, instead of excerpting my book, originally requested the right to excerpt my acknowledgements, so that they could perhaps suggest the people in Hollywood I credited were gay. That was the smarriest thing I ever heard of, and of course I wouldn't allow it."

Russo's feeling of being pulled apart on the issue is typical of many gay people. One person who is rethinking the question is Virginia Apuzzo, director of the Fund for Human Dignity, and a prominent Democratic Party activist in the 1976 and 1980 campaigns.

"I think the gay community has been extremely patient, and behaved with responsibility," Apuzzo said. "I know gay men who have stood in bars with Congressman Bauman, when that man contributed to an atmosphere that has resulted in the kind of violence that we see in the gay community today. They rely on our silence, and respond by abandoning all reasonable responsibility to protect our basic civil rights. My feeling is that there is a tacit contract among gays where we do respect the right to privacy that so many of us need in order to survive. However, when a public official who is closeted uses his or her power in a way that hurts gay people I feel that tacit contract has been broken."

* * *

Many of the hardest questions come up first in Washington DC.

Veteran gay activist Frank Kamény, whose campaign for a congressional delegate seat a decade ago laid the groundwork for the remarkable influence of the gay community, would take Apuzzo's position even further.

"I think Bauman's the perfect example,"

Kameny said of the duplicity he sees. "I would have no compunction about using the fact [of his homosexual experiences] to blackmail him to modify his political action. To say, 'Back off, or I'm going to start publicizing you're gay.' But except for one passing moment in the night, I never met the man."

Kameny said he would require rigorous evidence than an antigay person was in fact homosexual before making a public statement, and also cautions that closeted gays who "passively ride the tides" of antigay efforts in their organizations should not be exposed. "But if I found some Moral Majority leader who was rabidly and effectively being antigay, I would have no compunction about using that and destroying him with it," Kameny said. "You deal harshly with trauma, and that's really what it amounts to."

Steven Endean, director of the Gay Rights National Lobby which fights the antigay initiatives that the New Right seeks in Congress, said that he had been approached "numerous times" with information on the homosexuality of gay rights opponents, "and in a number of those cases they were people who were dire enemies of what I view to be the community's best interests." It is an issue, Endean said, "that may hit me and a few others who deal with Congress quicker, because we saw people who are both opposed to the community and are also members of it firsthand."

Still, Endean numbers himself among those who say that it is his policy, and that of his organization, never to make public the homosexuality of anyone who does not choose to be identified, even when it is an active gay civil rights opponent.

The *Washington Blade* has established an enviable reputation both within the gay community and in the capital as a responsible newspaper devoted to good journalism. Publisher Don Michaels is a member of the National Press Club and sits on the mayor's Press Pass Committee, and has had to confront the issue of naming gay names.

"We would be unwilling to be the pioneer in breaking this code," Michaels said. "There is still enough pain and agony about dealing with being gay that, in spite of effort to hurt the gay community, I feel we should abide by that code. It's an agonizing decision to make because revealing public officials who are gay would certainly tell the public we're not just a small segment but I would have to fall on the side of saying no. It's just not fair, given what just about every gay person goes through. It's no sense fighting fire with fire. There's a big part of me that would love to wreak revenge on the New Right people who are gay, but the strongest part of me says I'd rather live by the code that recognizes the agony."

Former Gay Activist Alliance president Jim Zais, who has turned down invitations to dinner parties that included gay New Right leaders "because it would have been impossible for me not to talk politics and confront them, and I was being invited for a social occasion," also draws the line at speaking publicly.

"People's sexual orientation is their business, and it would be a contradiction to what gay liberation stands for to consider that public business. That's an ethical position, but there's a more practical position, and that's that once you start down that path of beginning to exposing people, where does it end, and how many people suffer?" Zais asked. If responsible gay leadership gives to the crazies of the world the example of beginning to expose gay people, where does this all end?

Dan Bradley, who capped off his term as president of the Legal Services Corporation publicly disclosing that he is gay in *The New York Times*, spoke directly to how he would have felt about having his private life revealed by others.

"I don't know what I would have done," Bradley said. "I'm not going to be melodramatic and say I would have committed suicide, but I would have been destroyed. I subconsciously was so protective of my own sexuality and hiding that it would have destroyed me personally and professionally."

Dan Bradley personifies the flip side of the issue, where the question is whether an individual's private life does have a bearing on public policy issues. Bradley's agency was under attack in Congress for assisting gay clients, and Bradley did not back away. His position was solidly based in legal

precedent and had the backing of all legal experts, but was his commitment an outgrowth of his own life?

The fact is that suggestions about private homosexual lives are traditionally asked more often of those who support gay civil rights than of those who oppose them. Bradley was never the target of rumor campaigns that he supported his agency's work with gay clients because he was gay, but other politicians have been.

Ed Koch is probably the best-known example of a politician who was baited for supporting gay civil rights, a fact that still could make him angry four years after his 1977 mayoral campaign. In an interview in the *New York Native*, the city's gay newspaper, Koch took out against his detractors in the gay community by pointing out the difficulty he had in publicly supporting gay rights as a man who had never married.

"You know, it is very difficult for someone who is himself single—and therefore subject to the innuendos that were used in the race which I ran in '77—to be up front and supportive as I have been," Koch said in that interview.

The same type of innuendo dogged the campaign of California governor Jerry Brown during his first election, and it wasn't until he was well into his second term of office that he publicly embraced gay civil rights.

New York City Council members also faced down rumors as a result of their support for this year's gay rights bill.

"The last time around on the measure, City Council members told me of being accused of being gay because they supported the measure," Vito Russo said. "Straight people are scared off from helping gay rights." The irony is that among gay activists it's almost axiomatic that it is the closeted politicians who hold back on gay rights, no matter how liberal their other positions.

Representative Ted Weiss, Democrat of Manhattan, serves as the chief sponsor of the federal gay civil rights bill and has also been confronted with this issue among his colleagues. He did not state whether he was aware, as many in the Washington gay community are, that the large majority

of gay members of Congress consistently vote against gay civil rights measures.

"I think it is extremely difficult for somebody who is single and never been married to support gay rights and not to have rumors that he is himself gay, and self-serving," commented Weiss.

He also numbers himself among those who are extremely uncomfortable with the idea of revealing which antigay leaders are themselves gay.

"Once you start this," Weiss said, "once you say it's valid to expose people who are hypocritical, then you start to have shadings, and you end up removing the privacy aspect of the issue, and that bothers me. You have a right to take a substantive position without regard for your own personality."

If one finds the argument coming around full circle, it is a circle with a central focus. The key issue in the debate is simply who will control how gays are accepted into society. Will the New Right succeed in imposing its definitions of homosexuality and then levying a price against all those who are indicted? Or will gays succeed in the self-determination effort, arguing that it is their voices that should be heard about the meaning of being gay?

This, finally, is the relevant issue. It is an issue that does not require that others, either in the gay community or in the press, step forward to reveal information about the private lives of public individuals, whether they are for or against gay civil rights. The voices that need to be heard are already out in the open, available to any who will listen and, if anything, their silence on gays who are publicly anti-gay only imparts greater integrity to their message. It shows the New Right claim about 'militant homosexuals' to be the lie that it is and replaces it with the truer image of people simply seeking the right to decide what their own lives mean. The public knows these gay voices best by their calls for justice but it is time to acknowledge the essential humanity that is there as well.

Larry Bush is Washington editor of the *Advocate*. A slightly longer version of this article first appeared in the *Village Voice*.

EMPLOYEE OWNERSHIP

Corey Rosen

If anything is clear about Ronald Reagan, it is that he cares little about economic justice. Yet Reagan and his followers built an effective case that their opponents cared little about economic growth. Are we then inevitably locked in a battle between proponents of envy and proponents of greed? Are our only economic choices "trickle down" or "big government?" Is justice the inevitable enemy of prosperity?

For at least some people, the answer seems to be no. An increasing number of people are working for companies owned by their employees. In these firms, corporate success enriches everyone, not just the wealthy few. Yet "despite" this stress on justice, these companies are succeeding economically—in fact, they are outpacing their peers. Workers are more motivated when they work for themselves—an obvious fact American business consistently has overlooked. At the same time, when workers control their firm, management must respond to their interests, and their interests are the long-run profits of the firm. This stands in sharp contrast to the disastrous "damn the future, maximize the short-term" posture of most American firms.

What is surprising to many people is that this new approach is rapidly gaining acceptance and popularity. There are now 250-500 companies of ten employees or more that are majority employee owned, while there are thousands more worker-owned cooperatives. Employees own at least some

stock in another 5,000 companies, covering 2-3% of the workforce. Several unions are now demanding partial ownership in return for any wage concessions to which they may agree (workers will get 20-25% of Chrysler and 12-18% of Pan Am, for instance).

This growth is largely of recent origin. Much of it has been stimulated by tax laws enacted since 1973 to spur a particular kind of employee ownership called an "ESOP" (employee stock ownership plan). "ESOPs" provide a mechanism whereby employees can contribute stock to a trust, or have the trust borrow funds to buy stock for the employees. Either approach allows a company to claim important tax deductions. The stock is held in trust for the employee till he or she leaves the firm or retires, is not taxed until then, and then is taxed at a lower rate. The employee pays nothing for this stock. In effect, the company assumes employees will earn it since, as owners, they will be more motivated.

While ESOPs have grown very rapidly due to a variety of tax incentives, worker-owned cooperatives, which have tax incentives of their own, are growing quickly as well. Tax incentives, however, have only been part of the explanation for the growth in employee ownership. At least three other factors have contributed:

1) As the American edge in productivity has declined, American firms have sought new ways to become more competitive. Worker participation,

including participating in ownership, appears to be one way to do this. Studies have shown, for instance, that companies with employee ownership plans are 150% as profitable as comparable companies without them, while their average annual productivity growth rate is twice as high. Although these data are not as yet conclusive, they suggest that ownership may be an exceptionally powerful tool.

2) Workers are beginning to demand more from their companies than just wages. The American workforce is increasingly educated and handling increasingly complex tasks. As a result, workers are looking for more opportunities to use their abilities—and be rewarded for that effort. As employees participate more, it is only natural that they will want to have a share in what they help to create.

3) A number of failing—and many profitable—firms have been sold outright to their employees. Beginning in the early 1970's, a number of employee efforts to buy plants that would have otherwise closed were made. Most people assume that if an owner, especially a conglomerate owner, can't make a business succeed, no one can. In fact, many companies are profitable when they close—just not profitable enough compared to alternative investments. Others are potentially profitable, but mismanaged. Under certain circumstances, then, employee buyouts can succeed. In fact, about 60 buyouts of firms that would have otherwise closed have occurred in the last decade. Except for three small failures, all have succeeded. Major firms such as Chicago and Northwestern Transportation, Okonite, and Rath Packing have been saved by their employees. Most, in fact, have become quite profitable.

Although buyouts of failing firms have received most of the press attention recently lavished on employee ownership, they represent small shares of all employee-owned firms. Many owners of small, profitable businesses, for instance, have found that they can use an ESOP to sell their businesses to their employees, with the money coming not out of the employees' pockets, but rather out of the future earnings of the corporation. Although these businesses are generally successful, many cannot find a suitable buyer. In many other cases, companies start a small ownership plan, find that the idea works, and gradually increase ownership till employees own most of the company. Still other firms simply start as employee owned enterprises.

While all of this growth has been impressive, worker ownership has still made more noise than impact. Most of the companies that have ESOPs, for instance, do not provide employees with the right to vote their stock. ESOP law requires meaningful voting rights only in large firms, although some smaller firms do go beyond these requirements to provide voting rights. Even where employees "own" a majority of the stock, moreover, they often do not have the right to control it. Despite growing interest in employee ownership, management is not eager to share the source of its power; unions have both been suspicious of management motives for establishing the plans and reluctant to push an idea that could alter their traditionally successful adversarial posture.

As economic conditions worsen, however, and as the government becomes a less useful tool to accomplish economic justice, employee ownership may well be seen as a practical alternative. Leaders on the left such as Tom Hayden, head of the California Campaign for Economic Democracy, Mark Green of the Democracy Project, and Gary Hart, a leading figure among Democratic liberals, have all strongly endorsed employee ownership as a key element of any economic recovery program. As the same time, conservatives such as Russell Long and even Ronald Reagan have been strong supporters. A few national unions and a number of local unions have taken an aggressive stance promoting the idea, while the Harvard Business School recently hosted a symposium for business leaders on it.

In the Washington area, a number of firms, such as E-Systems (25% owned), several large consulting firms (ORI, Westat, ERC Associates and others—all 100% employee owned), and a variety of other firms are substantially or entirely owned by their employees. One of the most interesting is Allied Plywood Company. Its 20 employees average \$30,000 a year and more in total compensa-

Only one automaker is creating its own advertisements as part of President Reagan's new push to increase seat belt use and discourage drunk driving. The patriotic car company is Honda.

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Parisian dog lovers were uncooperative in curbing their pooches, so the city is paying for 80 specially built motorcycles equipped with high speed brushes to clean away dog excrement.

§

On a recent a recent trip to New York City, Interior Secretary James Watt was reportedly so overcome by air pollution that he was unable to work on the flight home. "It was like breathing dirt," says Watt's press secretary Douglas Baldwin. "He felt so miserable he couldn't talk." But, Baldwin says, the incident hasn't change the secretary's position in favor of relaxing portions of the Clean Air Act.

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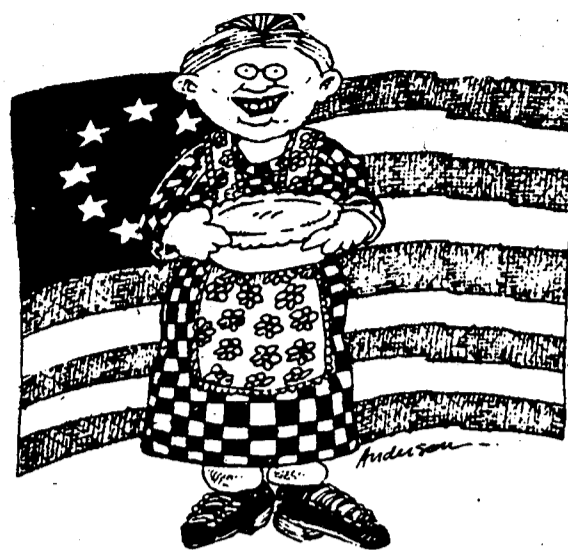
Meanwhile, tardy word has arrived of Treasury Secretary Donald Regan's trip to the Big Apple during last spring's big snowstorm. The airlines were shut down so Regan and five aides paid \$32 each for an Amtrak ride. But the Regan party demanded that an entire 88-seat car be turned over to them. Reported the Miami Herald, "This didn't sit too well with the hundreds of other people knocked off the air shuttle and desperate for transport. **** Mr. Regan's party insisted that the Secret Service wanted His Eminence secure for safety purposes. After Amtrak pointed out how many taxpaying voters were blowing hot smoke out their nostrils in outrage at Mr. Regan's treatment of the tax-supported Amtrak as though it were of a private sedan chair, the Treasury Secretary saw the light. His private car was opened to the other public passengers somewhere north of Baltimore.

"Supply-side economics, Regan-Reagan style, trickles down on riders of the railroad, after a fashion. Donald Regan -- man of the people. No wonder the Secret Service feared for his safety."

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Finishing out our cabinet round-up for this month, it is worth noting, we suppose, that Secretary of Agriculture Block requires two bodyguards.

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Apple Pie

Folks in Armenia are giving their kids names like "Telephone," "Chevrolet" and, in the case of a pair of twins, "Ping" and "Pong." The communist party newspaper, criticising the trend to name children after "kitchen devices and socio-political formations," says it may be ideologically correct to name your son "Fullfill the Five Year Plan In Four Years," but it won't make his life any easier.

§

Hallad Paging Systems is offering a bogus beeper that goes off a few seconds after you press a secret button. The electronic status symbol sells for \$30 from the LA firm.

§

The latest trend among New York decorators is the no-door bathroom. Other designers, flushed with openness, are placing bathroom sinks in hallways and one has installed toilet facilities at the bottom of a spiral staircase, beneath an apartment's living room. The trend is featured in June's House & Garden Magazine.

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The Times of London reports that the late prime minister of Albania, who died last year under mysterious circumstances, has become such a non-person that his name has been filed off every manhole cover in the capital city of Tirana.

§

tion, even though the firm is in a depressed industry. The company has been consistently profitable since its ESOP was started several years ago as a mechanism for the current President, Ed Sanders, to sell out his interest in the firm. The company is now about 55% owned by the employees. It is run on a very open basis—anyone who has a suggestion on how to do something better feels very free to make it. As Sanders nears retirement, the company will become 100% employee owned. Not surprisingly, with one exception, Allied has had the same workforce for the last nine years.

Larger firms are pursuing economic democracy as well. The 2500 employee Rath Packing Company, for instance, is 60% employee owned. Employees elect 10 of the 16 directors and have organized a system of participation that extends from the shopfloor to the boardroom. Employees and management at the 9,000 employee Weirton

Steel Company are working together on a plan to buy that profitable subsidiary of National Steel, much as employees at Hyatt Clark Industries bought their firm from General Motors.

It is, of course, too early to tell whether these democratic, employee owned firms represent a wave of the future or just an idiosyncratic moment. It is clear, however, that they can represent a means to reconcile the need for economic growth with the demand for social justice—something we have not been very successful in doing so far. As we move to a society in which more and more work is done by machines, this may be a crucial question, for if the machines—and their economic returns—are broadly owned, then they can be a truly liberating force in society. If not, they will only exacerbate the tension we already feel all too clearly between growth and justice.

Corey Rosen is executive director of the National Center for Employee Ownership.

CHUCK STONE

You've got to give ol' golden-maned, silver tonsils credit. If the Rev. Billy Graham is naive, at least he's ecumenical about it.

He's gone from whitewasher of American racism to apologist for Russian communism and never blinked a scriptural eye in the transition.

Can you believe America's theological P.T. Barnum?

Against the advice of Vice President Bush and the wisdom of experts far more learned in international intrigues, Graham flew to the Soviet Union as its guest for last month's anti-nuclear conference.

Either he had convinced the "Satan worshippers" in the Kremlin of the error of their sinful ways or they had pulled off a masterful con job.

Metinks the latter.

Bad enough he went and legitimized a phony, unilateral, anti-nuclear conference.

Later, the papier mache, Madison Avenue prophet descended from his mountaintop and dumped a load of political idiocies on an astonished world.

Graham claimed that Soviet churches "of which there are thousands, seem to have liberty to have worship services."

He defended a Soviet Gestapo arrest of a woman protesting religious repression.

He marveled at three jammed Orthodox churches. "You would never get that in Charlotte [N.C., his hometown]."

He's right. Russians jam the churches because so few are permitted to operate freely. I'll bet Charlotte has twice as many churches flourishing and raising more liturgical hell than all of Moscow.

Most incredible of all is Graham's gargantuan ignorance about Soviet persecution of Russian Jews.

If he doesn't know about it, he's dumb.

IF HE KNEW ABOUT IT and didn't speak out against it, then he's amoral.

But Graham deep-froze his Christian con-

science when he admitted, "In a host country like this, it's been my practice never to take political sides."

Fortunately, the good Samaritan took a political side.

And went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring oil and wine and set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn and took care of him.

Not ol' Rev. Shuckin' and Jivin'. To persecute and harassed Soviet Jews, Graham was either the priest or the Levite who glanced down at the wounded man lying by the wayside and kept on going.

He certainly didn't get worked up enough to drive the atheistic Russian money-changers out of the temple of nuclear disarmament.

Nobody expected him to be an uncivil guest or take ideological sides in a host country.

But nobody anticipated that he would have gotten down on his knees, groveled before the Soviet tyrants and used the Bible to justify his religious silence.

I REALIZE THAT BY quoting the story of the good Samaritan I have not heeded Antonio's advice, "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

But Graham carried his Biblical authority to an undreamed of amoral absurdity to justify his silence on Soviet oppression.

He quoted Romans 13:3,6, which would have advised the Russian people to play it cool. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the devil... For this cause pay ye tribute also; for they are God's ministers attending continually upon this very thing."

Was Paul kidding? In his defense, he had not been exposed to such rulers as Attila the Hun, Nero, Hitler, Stalin, El Salvador's d'Aubuisson and South Africa's Botha.

The distinguished Abingdon Bible Commentary explains Paul's seeming naivete about ruling tyrants this way:

"Paul's experience of the state, and the experience of the church had been favorable up to this time... And so far as subject peoples were concerned, the Roman administration was marked by wisdom and tolerance... Paul's natural instinct, therefore, was to credit the state with good intentions, and also with a wise administration of justice..."

Later, when all hell broke loose, "the Christians were to revise their judgment of the state. And Paul leaves room for such revision."

Apparently, Graham wasn't in the room when the revisions were made.

He's been missing revisions all his life.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO, a column lamented his moral blindness to racial discrimination.

"His attitude and pronouncements on the racial crisis," I wrote, "attained their soiled apotheosis a few days ago when he pontificated that the racial problem would be solved 'at the foot of the cross of Jesus Christ.'"

"Shucks, Billy Graham himself isn't even able to come out and unqualifiedly denounce racial segregation and those who practice it..."

"And that is the tragedy of a Billy Graham — not his antiseptic evangelism that would keep us enslaved by simply 'kneeling at the cross' but his failure to transform the teachings of the Christ of Nazareth with the spiritual requisites of a jet-age society torn asunder by horse-and-buggy racial hatred."

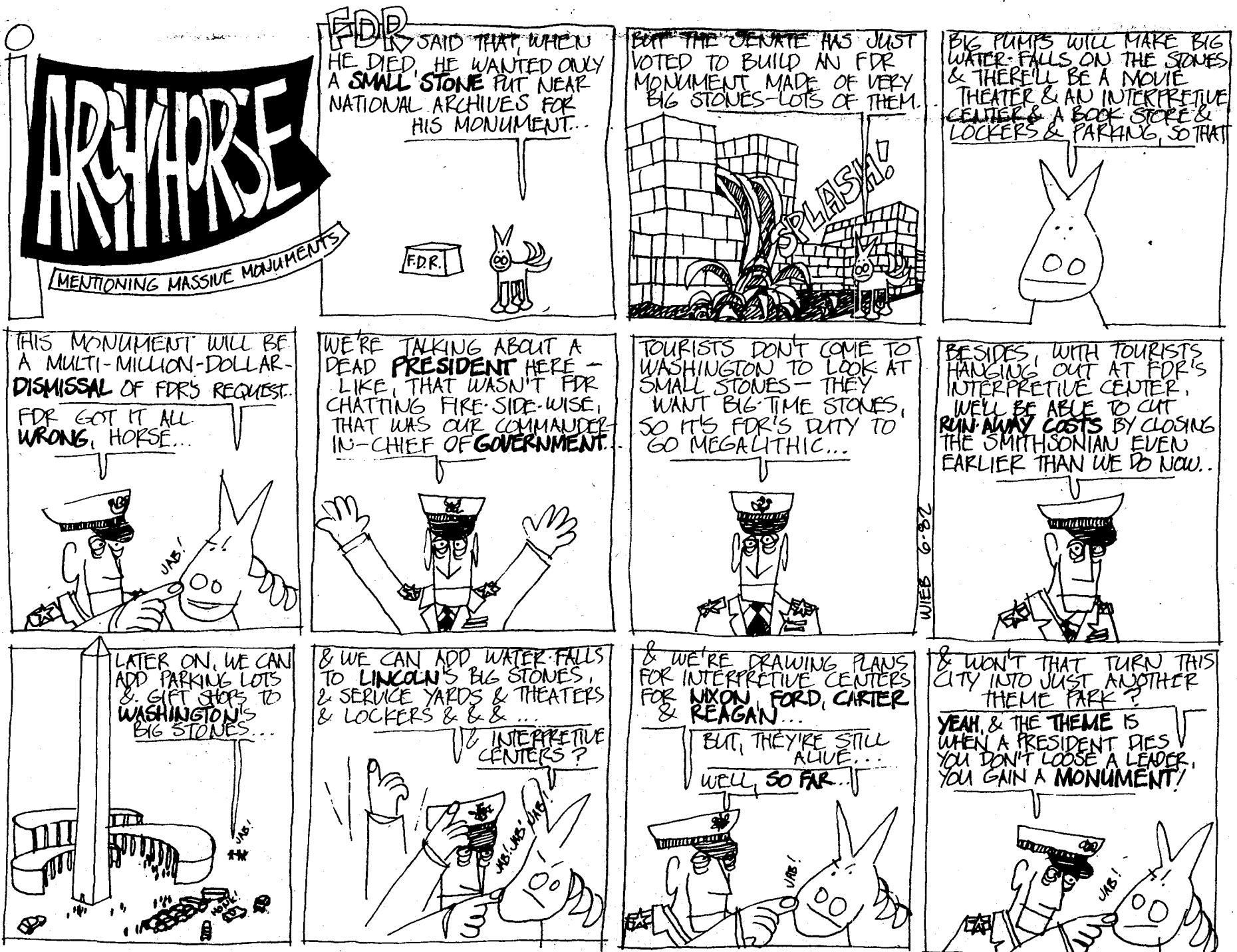
As a whitewasher for racial segregation, he merited the designation, "Silly Billy Graham."

Eighteen years later, as an apologist for Russian communism, he is acting sillier.

By ignoring the Soviet Union's religious persecution and adding an implicit stamp of approval, he has managed to become silliest.

And disconcertingly, a theological embarrassment.

[Philadelphia Daily News]



A General Motors study shows that a single auto engine, hooked to a heat exchanger, heat pump, electrical generator and water heater, can provide all the heat and electricity necessary to run a home. GM says a propane-fueled engine could cut home heating costs by 35 to 50 percent.

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The Supreme Court ruling allowing the Navy to bomb Puerto Rican waters in defiance of federal pollution laws may be just the tip of the iceberg. EPA officials say the Defense Department is pressing for exemption from all federal and state environmental restrictions. According to EPA administrator Anne Gorsuch, this would allow the military to test any weapon -- nuclear, chemical or biological -- with no civilian control. Among other Pentagon requests: the Navy wants to be free of any rules about how much oil and garbage can be discharged from its ships, and the army wants its substandard hazardous waste disposal sites exempted from the federal toxic waste cleanup. So far, EPA officials have resisted the requests.

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A new group of progressives has been formed called the Federation of Progress. It describes itself as a "broad, nationwide network that can speak with one voice to a variety of issues and problems that confront the



American people." It was called a federation to emphasize its decentralized approach, which, it says, is looser than that of a coalition. Its national call was signed by such people as Philip Berigan, Leonard Weinglass, Richard Hatcher, Benjamin Spock, Ron Dellums, William Kunstler, Pete Seeger, Sidney Lens, Florence Kennedy, Ann Braden and Parren Mitchell. The organizing committee can be contacted at 242 Lafayette Ave., New York NY 10012 (212-966-7743).

§

Despite the onslaughts of James Watt, environmental groups are flourishing. The National Wildlife Federation says revenue is up 20 percent while the Audobon Society and the Sierra Club each posted 40 percent gains. The National Resources Defense Center says donations last year were up 54 percent and at the Wilderness Society, 62 percent.

§

A report released by the Nine to Five says that women office workers in 1980 received an average of \$11,284 in annual wages, compared with male office workers who averaged more than \$17,000.

§

For the first time in history, the US will sometime this summer have more than a thousand prisoners on death row. Florida has 166 prisoners on death row followed by Texas, Georgia and California.

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The American Bar Association has found itself added to the Conservative Digest's list of "left-wing organizations." The apparent reason was the ABA's support of the ERA, legal services for the poor and its opposition to attempts to curb bussing and abortion. ABA president David Brink says there's nothing surprising about the political shift. It reflects the change in the makeup of the legal profession to include more women, more minorities and more people under 35.

§

A Small Business Administration program which earmarked millions of dollars annually for loans to businesswomen has died quietly. Hattie Dorman of the Women's Business Enterprise Office of the SBA says the program, which handed out \$55 million in loans in 1980 and 1981, is no more. According to Dorman, the program was merely a "pilot," and is now being

evaluated. The SBA has no other special funds earmarked for women.

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Candidates for Congress may be giving the Moral Majority a wide berth in the upcoming elections. A Republican Party poll has discovered that the group's leader, the Reverend Jerry Falwell, is about as popular with Americans as the Ayatollah Khomeini.

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Loreta Thompson Glickman was sworn in last month as the first black woman mayor of Pasadena, California. Her election also makes her the first black woman to head a major American city's government.

§

Elsewhere, however, it was not a banner month for women's rights. The Women's International Athletic Association announced it would close its DC headquarters this month. And the San Francisco-based, Women Organized for Employment, said it, too, was closing its office. The American Broadcasting Co. said it would not renew the comedy "Nine to Five" and CBS announced the cancellation of the "Lou Grant Show," which stars Ed Asner, who has taken controversial stands in favor of women's rights and against US involvement in El Salvador.

On the other hand, a poll released by the Harris organization indicates that Americans support the Equal Rights Amendment by a margin of 73% to 22%.

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The Committee to Defend Reproductive Rights (1638 Haight St., San Francisco CA 94117) has put together a booklet on how to gain access to mainstream media and establish credibility in the mind of the public. The booklet deals with pros and cons of various approaches and includes lots of how-to information. It's \$8.50.

Freedom of the Press

There has been a dramatic surge toward concentration in the American publishing industry in recent years. The independent publishing houses and daily newspapers—are rapidly being bought up by a handful of corporations with interests as diverse as fast food, cable TV, and defense contracting. There were close to 300 mergers and takeovers in publishing in the last five years—roughly the same number as in all the 20 years before—with the result that only 50 corporations now control half the nation's books, periodicals, and newspapers. In book publishing alone, at least 75% of the market is controlled by 50 large firms, and the 4 largest firms control 16%.

Other facts:

**20 corporations control 52% of all daily newspaper sales in the U.S.

**20 corporations control 50% of all periodical sales in the U.S.

**20 corporations control 52% of all book sales in the U.S.

**20 corporations control 76% of all record and tape sales in the U.S.

**13 corporations broadcast to 76% of the TV and radio audiences in the U.S.

**7 corporations control 75% of all the movie distributions in the U.S.

Together, these corporations control 60% of what we see, hear, and read. Many control interests in more than one medium: Time, Inc., for example, owns 5 magazines, 17 weekly's, 5 publishing houses, a film company, and interest in cable TV and records; CBS owns 20 magazines, 4 record companies, Holt Rinehart Winston, Popular Library, and W.B. Saunders, among many other holdings.

She's Nobody's Baby

The U.S. is conducting, in cooperation with China, a covert military operation which is aimed at punishing Vietnam for its occupation of Cambodia, according to an article published by the Center for National Security Studies. Author Jay Peterzell writes in the February 1982 issue of *First Principles* that a secret U.S. military role in Cambodia has been undertaken to punish Vietnam for its alliance with the Soviets; to take revenge for its humiliation of America a decade ago; and to please China, which is using the Indochina conflict to "bleed" its regional rival, Vietnam.

"Whether the U.S. government has formally decided to undertake a large covert paramilitary role in Cambodia is a closely held secret. But many individual elements of such an operation are seemingly being put into place bit by bit and with only partial secrecy," Peterzell comments. He reports that the operation in Cambodia involves a division of effort in which China arms and trains guerillas throughout Indochina while the U.S. applies economic and diplomatic pressure. There is evidence that the U.S. also provides financial and intelligence support to the Chinese military effort, as well as supplying food to the Cambodian resistance.

The dangers posed by a large secret military operation in Cambodia are clear. "Secret arms or material aid to the Khmer Rouge through China, or to the non-communist Cambodian resistance, could serve only two purposes. At worst, the U.S. would be pursuing a policy inconsistent with its official policy. At best, it would be committed to a course which is governed by inconsistent goals and unforeseeable conflicts. The likely losers are the Cambodians. They should not be thoughtlessly dragged into new hostilities which outside powers can easily heat up but may find hard to extinguish," Peterzell concludes.

The Environmental Protection Agency has apparently decided that reading about polluted air is dangerous as breathing it. EPA administrator Ann Gorsuch has received White House permission to classify documents "confidential." Under federal laws, Gorsuch will now be able to put under wraps any EPA document which "could be expected to cause damage to the national security."

§

After twenty years as an independent, civilian-run agency, NASA is moving toward becoming an arm of the Pentagon. The space shuttle's final test flight this month will carry a cargo of secret Pentagon lasers, and nearly half the flights planned for the next decade will be flown exclusively for the Defense Department. All this will bring broad changes in NASA policy. Familiar television broadcasts and public ground-to-space

conversations will be reduced, and the crews of Pentagon-related flights will be restricted to those with backgrounds in the armed services. Says Senator William Proxmire, "more and more of each NASA budget will be spent on defense-related activities, and less will be spent on civilian science."



THE DC BOOKSHELF

DC MAGAZINES: A LITERARY RETROSPECTIVE. This work contains an anthology of pieces from three of Washington's most important literary magazines, Portfolio, Voyages and Dryad. Editor Richard Peabody has also included a listing of literary magazines published here from the 18th century on and a list of alternative newspapers and arts magazines published since the sixties. \$7.95.



CITIFAX: Facts & figures about DC

CITIFAX: In invaluable collection of facts and figures about DC that you'll find nowhere else. Plus a listing of citywide and ward groups. Topics covered in maps and charts include poverty, industrial land use, per capita income, gross income by wards, office rental rates, school test scores 1975-1980, school enrollment, teachers salaries, comparison of school budget with suburban jurisdictions, private school enrollment by wards, tax revenue by source 1970-1980, tax revenues lost due to the federal presence, changes in the recreation budget, wards and neighborhood commissions, DC neighborhoods, city council committees, comparison of business taxes with other cities, land use in DC by type, recreation and leisure activity sites by ward, average house assessments by neighborhoods, comparison of housing sales prices with other metro areas, results of initiatives and referenda, presidential votes, ward results 1980, 1980 election results, population figures, Metro ridership by month, change in ridership to downtown, prior mode of Metro riders, causes of death. All this for only \$2.00

YESTERDAY'S WASHINGTON: A photographic history of our city that all lovers of DC will want to have. 20% off at \$7.95.

THIRTY-TWO PICTURE POST CARDS OF OLD WASHINGTON, DC. Ready to mail. Rare photos reproduced as post cards in sepia. A different way to stay in touch. \$2.75.

CAPTIVE CAPITAL: Sam Smith tells the story of non-federal Washington. "Not only well worth reading, but it is the best book we are likely to read on Washington," Bryce Nelson of the LA Times. "An excellent gift," Bill Raspberry in the Washington Post. "Must Reading," Afro-American. "A joy to read," Robert Cassidy in the Chicago Tribune.

NOTICE: The Gazette has secured the rights to "Captive Capital" and can now offer it to its readers 40% off the list price of \$10. For Gazette readers: \$6!

BOSS SHEPHERD AND THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS. The fascinating tale of DC's only true political boss and perhaps the most controversial figure in local history. \$3.

PUBLIC BANKING: A MODEL FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. A monograph on how to alter the city's banking system by William Batko of the Institute for Local Self-Reliance. \$1.

OLD WASHINGTON, DC, IN EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS: 1846-1932. This is a truly fine collection of over 200 prints that provide an enduring record of this city. \$7.95.

SECRET CITY: Constance Green's history of black Washington. A highly readable trip through the city's black past. \$7.95

JOHN WIEBENSON'S MAP OF WASHINGTON: Done in Wieb's wry and pointed style, this map was drawn for the Bicentennial and is now available for 40% off at \$1.50.

WASHINGTON: Constance Green's Pulitzer Prize-winning comprehensive history of Washington is now available in paperback for only \$9.50. The basic book of DC history.

A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR WASHINGTON STUDIES AND DESCRIPTION OF MAJOR LOCAL COLLECTIONS: This is a revised and enlarged edition of an outstanding bibliography of Washington materials that has been out of print for several years. It has been compiled and annotated by Perry G. Fisher of the Columbia Historical Society and Linda J. Lear of George Washington University. There are nearly 350 entries in the new edition, as well as updated descriptions of the major local collections of Washingtoniana. \$6.

ALLEY LIFE IN WASHINGTON: Family, Community, Religion and Folklife in the City, 1850-1970. By James Borchert. Borchert challenges conventional wisdom that the impact of the city led to the breakdown of migrants' social institutions. Borchert shows how Washington's alley dwellers adapted patterns that permitted continuity and survival in an often harsh environment. The male-headed nuclear family composed the fundamental unit in this urban subculture, but extended families, kinship networks, alley communities, and folk and religious traditions continued to provide coherence and to help alley dwellers cope with the rigors of everyday life. Forgoing outside assistance, these self-reliant people adjusted to their limited incomes and tiny quarters by using folk cures, remedies, and food sources, as well as by devising ingenious furniture. These crowded but isolated and homogeneous populations were able to shape close-knit communities, with social hierarchies which administered aid and comfort to the needy, but which also punished transgressors. This book is being sold by the Gazette at 20% off list price. \$14.80.

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AROUND THE TOWN

The YMCA

Charging that the YMCA of Metropolitan Washington "violated the law and abused its tax exempt status" when it took money needed to keep the Bowen Y operating and used it instead to construct "an exclusive health club" downtown, Prof. John F. Banzhaf III of the George Washington University Law School has urged the City Council to revoke the YMCA's tax exempt privileges or take it to court.

Arguing that "providing recreation for the rich, and athletics for attorneys, is clearly not a charitable activity," Prof. Banzhaf suggested that the YMCA should no longer be free from paying income, sales, real estate, and other taxes. To do so would be to require city residents "to subsidize saunas, steambaths, and massages they themselves probably cannot enjoy" since taxpayers must make up any lost revenue.

As an alternative, Prof. Banzhaf argued that the downtown YMCA—which is termed a health spa for rich businessmen—be treated as a separate business liable for taxes because it fulfills no charitable function, and provides unfair competition for commercial health facilities which must pay taxes.

As a final possibility, Prof. Banzhaf suggested that the city have the corporation counsel apply to the court for orders requiring the YMCA to restrict its activities and to carry out its charitable functions.

The YMCA had earlier argued that its downtown Y was "charitable" because it helps keep businessmen healthy. But Banzhaf charged that "helping suburban businessmen exercise is no more a charitable function than sending their wives to fat farms or their kids to summer camp." He termed the argument that such businessmen would be more inclined to contribute to the poor a "ludicrous example of the old 'trickle down' theory" and "illegal."

A school is born

In 1976, Edmonds-Peabody parents were informed that their community would lose a school building. At that time, the idea for a middle school was born, as the task force sought alternatives to junior high school. What was then known as the Region 4 Middle School was finally granted a one-year probation, and upon the closing of the Edmonds building the staff and students moved into the fourth floor of the Watkins Elementary School at 12th and D Sts., S.E., in 1979. Then, as now, the middle school shared a principal, Veola Jackson, with the Peabody Elementary School 15 blocks away at 5th and C Sts., N.E.

In the spring of 1981, after much lobbying by the parents and staff of both schools, the Board of Education formally recognized the middle school as a viable alternative to the junior high school concept, and approved the name Julius W. Hobson Middle School which had been requested by the task force.

To celebrate this happy conclusion to five long years of hard work, the staff and students of the middle school set aside the week of May 24-28 to remember the man who said of himself that he would be happy to be remembered as a man who helped improve the education in the District of Columbia. All week the children studied Hobson's achievements, reflected upon his philosophy.

—CHRIS NELSON

Freedom of information

The DC Government, the Capitol Hill Restoration Society, and the New Jersey Avenue, S.E., Neighborhood Association have agreed to settle three-year old litigation over the government's practice of overcharging citizens for documents

requested under the D.C. Freedom of Information Act. Paul Hays, President of the Restoration Society, said the society hoped the settlement would end the overcharging and clearly announce the public's legal right to obtain documents at a uniform and reasonable cost. Under the terms of the settlement, some costs for copies of documents will be reduced from 50 cents a page to 5 cents a page.

The D.C. Freedom of Information Act requires D.C. Government agencies to make public records available at the actual cost of searching for and copying the record, and that regulations issued by the mayor in 1978 limit copying charges to 5 cents a page. Hays said that despite the law and the mayor's regulations, the plaintiffs in the suit had been unable to obtain public records from the agencies at the 5 cents a page cost. As an example, Hays cited the Board of Zoning Adjustment's practice of referring persons requesting board hearing transcripts to the private reporter who transcribed the hearing. These for-profit enterprises charged 50 cents a page for a copy of transcripts running scores of hundreds of pages. Hays also pointed out several other instances of excessive charges. The D.C. Housing Department charged \$10 for a copy of a building permit, and the Board of Elections charged \$11 for a copy of the 42-page 1980 gambling initiative text. Under the law and regulations in effect, the gambling initiative copy should have cost \$2.10.

By the terms of the settlement agreement, the District government has agreed to post permanent notices in DC government offices informing the public of its right to obtain copies of public records at the rate established by regulation, currently 5 cents a page.

* * *

Mayor Barry has signed legislation to improve the monitoring and maintenance of voter registration lists in the District. The D.C. Election Code

CHARLES MCDOWELL

I was at this cocktail party and met this smug man with a beard and a tweed jacket, some kind of intellectual, and he was the only person in the place not talking about the Falkland Islands. He was so smug. He was talking about "value systems," and he said the news media don't carry enough news about higher education.

Higher education! Well, I put him down hard. I told him the papers were full of news about higher education. I reminded him of all the stories recently about high school basketball players signing letters of intent to go to college on scholarships, and stories of recruiting violations, and stories of college students who might or might not give up their studies to turn pro, and stories of coaches being hired and fired, and stories of multimillion-dollar television contracts and what it means to an institution of higher education to have its students play games on television.

Well, the intellectual was stunned, and pretty soon he wandered away, muttering to himself.

Later, I got to thinking about it and realized there are some stories about higher education you don't see in the newspapers. We probably ought to be on the lookout for them, and use one occasionally just to demonstrate to smug intellectuals that we haven't let our values get warped. Here is the kind of story I'm talking about:

Susie Murkley, the all-time high scorer in mathematics and science at Southwestern High School, signed a letter of intent yesterday to attend State University.

The 109-pound scholar's choice, announced at a crowded press conference, brought to an end one of the fiercest recruitment wars of modern memory.

Dr. Harry "The Stalker" Burloo, dean of science at State, said Ms. Murkley "will not be expected to win the Nobel Prize the first year, but will be allowed to develop her Modular Theory of Inverse Relativity at her own pace."

Meanwhile, at Stanford University, Dean P.W. Slagman was said to be on the skids after his failure to land Ms. Murkley. His only comment was, "Susie is the kind of kid who could turn anybody's program around."

It was common knowledge among recruiters that Slagman has spent seven of the past 12 weekends drinking coffee in the Murkley's modest kitchen, trying to persuade Susie and her parents to accept Stanford's offer and get the rabid alumni off his back....

* * *

The American Association of Colleges and Universities yesterday placed nine institutions on academic probation for recruiting violations, ranging from free cars for star debaters to under-the-table payments to a whiz in cellular biology....

* * *

Ferdie Clamath, the can't-miss freshman oboist on McKinley College's championship symphonic band, has caused a sensation on the campus by complaining publicly about being assigned to a dormitory exclusively for music students.

In a letter to the campus newspaper the highly recruited Clamath wrote: "Being forced to live in a dorm with nobody but other music majors interferes with a normal, balanced college life, and is arbitrary, authoritarian, and often discordant."

A spokesman for the college said the residential segregation of students on music scholarships, a policy instituted several years ago, had resulted in

"a spirit of unity, better supervision of practice time and curfews, and a marked improvement in scores at music competitions."

The spokesman added, "We think we've got a good, solid music program here now, and Ferdie, for all his virtuosity on the oboe, is not going to tell us how to run an institution of higher education."

Reached by telephone, the 176-pound, quick-fingered Clamath said, "I still think it's ridiculous. Can you imagine requiring that all the players on a football team, if we had a football team, to live in a dorm just for jocks?"

* * *

Central Southern State College has fired its dean of journalism, Sam "Scoop" Felderblocker, and paid off the remaining two years of his contract.

A spokesman for the board of trustees attributed the decision to "intellectual ferment" among the alumni. The board reluctantly agreed, the spokesman said, that the journalism program under Felderblocker "had not fulfilled its potential for excellence."

Mounting losses in student-newspaper circulation, contest awards, and several libel suits sealed Felderblocker's fate. He had three straight bad recruiting years, and saw arch-rival Southern Central State Teachers College recruit his own son, the tyro sportswriter, Tom "Granny" Felderblocker.

As for "Granny," his story has a happy ending. He is leaving college after his sophomore year for a \$700,000 three-year, no-cut contract as a pro. He will write a daily column on finance, legal affairs and labor relations for the sports pages.

Richmond Times-Dispatch

of 1955 Amendment Act of 1982 will require the Board of Elections and Ethics to publish, on a monthly basis in the D.C. Register, the number of registered voters by political party and ward, indicating changes from the previous month. The bill calls for an annual purge of the voting lists of the name of any voter who has not voted for four years; and it provides for cancellation of registration by the voter if he or she chooses.

The legislation also requires the board to publish complete alphabetical listings of registered voters and make them available in public libraries no later than 45 days before any election. The board will be required to post data about voter registration 123 days prior to an election to determine the numbers of names of registered voters needed on election petitions. In addition, voters will be required to vote at the precincts to which they are assigned.

* * *

Councilmember David Clark has introduced a bill to assure the availability of cable television to District tenants.

Similar to a law enacted in New York in 1972, Clarke's bill would prohibit landlords from charging more than the reasonably necessary costs associated with cable television hookups.

Clarke noted that in nearby Virginia, "Cable television companies have refused landlords' demands for exorbitant hookup fees."

"As a result," he said, "many Virginia tenants cannot subscribe to cable television."

* * *

D.C. Insurance Superintendent James R. Montgomery III has announced that the Allstate Insurance Company has agreed to continue to sell renters' insurance in the District.

The agreement follows meetings between the D.C. Department of Insurance and the firm after it was revealed that the company had stopped selling theft insurance to renters who are out of their apartments for most of the day.

Under the agreement, the firm will write regular policies for renters who live in buildings with around-the-clock security guards or with burglar alarms which ring at the central office of a security firm.

Renters in buildings without these security systems who are away from their apartments most of the day will be able to insure their belongings. The theft portion of their insurance will be \$500 deductible, instead of the usual \$50, and the policy would be sold for a ten percent discount.

* * *

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES

Awright neighbors. This month's neighborhood section is shorter than usual because your editor got tired of decoding scribbled messages on scraps of paper, incoherent messages left on the answering machine and retrieving hot items buried in lengthy reports and newsletters. This isn't one of your big dailies, you know, and if you want neighborhood news in the Gazette, we've gotta get some help. So, much as we hate rules around this place, here are some:

To submit neighborhood news, send your copy to the Gazette to arrive no later than the deadline listed on page two of this issue. Please note that there is a later deadline for camera-ready copy, so if you type your own announcement or item no larger than 3" x 3" we will try to get it in.

For other copy, please type it double-spaced. Neatness, clarity and legibility, while not an absolute requirement, would certainly help a hell of a lot.

Citing the owner's record of poor maintenance, the Brightwood Community Association recently opposed the continuation of special exception from the zoning regulations for a parking lot in back of 6400 Georgia Ave. The BCA held a hearing on it on April 14. BCA President Evelyn Gray sent a letter with pictures showing the unsightly trash, debris and crumbling wall. ANC 4A agreed to support BCA on the issue.

* * *

Another place most of us share and care about is Emery Park at Georgia and Missouri. Yet without consulting our ANC's or community groups, the city is negotiating to swap Emery Park for the Bowen YMCA in Shaw.

Neighbors Inc. President Loretta Neumann wrote to DC Recreation Director William Rumsey expressing concern about the future of Emery Park and noting that many NI members live nearby or depend on it for open space and public outdoor recreation activities.

Loretta urged Dr. Rumsey to keep the ANC's and community organizations informed on negotiations concerning Emery Park and to give them

an opportunity to review and comment on any final decisions before they are made. If you would like to comment on this, write Dr. Rumsey, D.C. Dept. of Recreation, 3419 16th St. NW, D.C. 20009.

—Neighbors Inc.

Ward Five

Over 100 students at St. Anselm's Abbey School have received medals or certificates honoring them for their performance in the fifth National Latin Exam sponsored by the American Classical League and the National Junior Classical League. This year more than 36,000 students competed in the exam nation-wide.

Ward Three

Calling it "a serious situation that can truly mean the difference between life and death," City Council candidate Mark Plotkin has faulted the city's allocation of emergency ambulance service

Ward Four

The Northern Bus Garage, bounded on the west by 14th St., on the east by Arkansas and Iowa Aves., on the south by Buchanan St., and on the north by Decatur St., is not only a blight on the neighborhood but by its location and structure poses a serious hazard to those who work inside it and to the neighboring community.

A number of environmental impact studies, costing in excess of \$100,000, have been conducted to determine what to do with Northern Garage. In each case it was recommended that the number of buses be reduced, major improvements be undertaken, and the operation be phased out. The local civic association, neighborhood groups, the ANC's and the citizens in the community have strongly voiced the position that the garage should ultimately be moved out of the community.

At a recent community meeting, Metro representatives presented what they consider a temporary fix to reduce some of the noise and safety hazards associated with the operation of Northern Garage. This temporary fix would include the erection of a twelve foot brick wall (to the tune of approximately one million dollars) around the garage. The wall would extend from Buchanan St. along Arkansas and Iowa Aves. to Decatur St. and terminate at 14th St. This wall would extend out to the middle of Iowa Ave. and block off Decatur St. between Iowa Ave. and 14th St. This proposal would increase the boundaries of the garage operation while compounding the problems of the community with no specific promise to rid the neighborhood of this irritant and health hazard.

—Bill Wilson, Neighbors Inc.

Regular Community Meetings

ANC 4A: 2nd Thurs., 7:30 pm, usually 4th Dist. Police Headq'trs. Office: 5804 Ga. Ave., Phone: 291-9341. Chairperson: Weldon Walker, 882-5230.

ANC 4B: 4th Thurs., 7:30 pm, usually 4th Dist. Police Headq'trs. Office: 7826 Eastern Ave., Room 16, Phone: 726-7292. Chairperson: Rose Ann Lee: Home, 526-7587; Work: 334-7054.

ANC 4C: 1st Wed., 7:30 pm at ANC Office, 3905 Ga. Ave., NW., 723-6670. Chairperson: Phyllis Jones: Home, 723-7724; Work, 755-9035.

ANC 4D: 1st Tues., 7:30 pm at ANC Office, 847 Upshur St., NW, 829-3614. Chairperson: Lorenzo Allen: Home, 723-1921; Work, 675-5416.

Brightwood Community Assoc. Second Tues., Sept. - June except Dec., 7:00 pm, 4th Dist. Police Headq'trs. For info: Evelyn Gray, 882-2719.

WARD FOUR

Carter Barron East Neighborhood Assoc. First Tues., Sept. - June, 8:00 pm, Christ Lutheran Church, 16th & Gallatin Sts., NW. For info: Mrs. Gidney, 726-6237.

Citizens for the Preservation of Neighborhoods. Members notified of meetings at the 4th Dist. Police Headq'trs. For info: Larry Chatman, 722-0884.

Civic League of North Portal Estates. For info: Mrs. Evelyn Jones, 726-1979.

Historic Takoma. Meetings irregular. Bd. of Directors meets once monthly. Public invited. For info: Ellen Marsh, 270-5348.

Plan Takoma. First Thurs., 7:30 pm. Usually at Trinity Church, Piney Branch Rd. & Dahlia St., NW. For info: Randy McCathren, 829-0336.

Progressive Neighbors. Second Tues., Sept. - June, 7:30 pm, Rabaut Junior High Rec. Center. For info: Leopold Hall, 723-0835.

Shepherd Park Citizens Assoc. Third Mon. except holidays, Sept. - May except Dec., 8 pm. For info. & meeting place: Mrs. Branch, 722-1452.

for Ward 3. "The city should immediately upgrade and increase the number of units serving the ward and the city," he said.

Plotkin, Democratic candidate for the Ward 3 seat stated that, "our research indicates there is not one Advanced Life support unit based in our ward. (An Advanced Life Support unit (ALS) is staffed by paramedics who have advanced medical training and are authorized to administer life saving drugs.) These units can literally mean the difference between life and death," said Plotkin. Ward 3 does have a basic emergency unit, but this unit is not staffed by paramedics so its crew can only treat patients with CPR and oxygen. "Basically that unit is ok for fairly routine first aid treatment. But for life threatening emergencies which make up 25% of the emergency calls in the ward, this unit is grossly inadequate," Plotkin added.

Where is the primary paramedic unit serving Ward 3? It's at 2400 Sherman Avenue, near Howard University! (The city only has 4). "Ward 3 is not getting the city services it deserves and pays for. It is unconscionable," said Plotkin, "for different neighborhoods to have to vie for adequate emergency service. The city must upgrade service in Ward 3 as well as the rest of the city."

Survival in many emergencies is directly related to the time elapsing between the onset of the emergency and the arrival of an Advanced Life Support unit. According to physicians specializing in emergency services, the critical period of time is 8 minutes. But Plotkin said, "the average response time for District emergency vehicles, who make over 90,000 runs a year, is 8.6 minutes. The reason—lack of units. And compounding the problem is the lack of highly trained units with paramedics."

"Although some Ward 3 residents have access to service from the Bethesda Chevy Chase rescue squad, that is an inadequate solution," stressed Plotkin. "In addition, it is preposterous for Ward 3 citizens to pay taxes for emergency services and then be asked to support and utilize the independent Bethesda Chevy Chase emergency service!"

Dixon tells why she's running

Ruth Dixon is a Democratic candidate for the Ward Three city council seat:

I want to tell you why I am running and why voters in Ward 3 will want to vote for Ruth Dixon for council member in the September 14 Democratic primary. I am running because I believe it is time for a change. Ward 3 needs someone who is concerned about the city as a whole and the new Ward 3 in particular. A leader who will be active and energetic—someone who will reach out to the community. Someone who is accessible.

I am running because I know I can do the job. I know the new ward. I live in the center of it. Twice I was elected ANC commissioner: the first term I served as vice-chair and the second as chairperson of Advisory Neighborhood Commission 3F—that's North Cleveland Park—right in the heart of the ward.

I am not a newcomer to D.C. politics. I have been an active member of the League of Women Voters for as long as we have had home rule. As president of the D.C. League, I worked closely with council members and their staffs. I understand the legislative process. I know the players and the rules of the game. I will be a strong voice on the council.

Professionally I am a political scientist with a MA degree from George Washington University in political science.

Now I want to ask you to stop and think about who can best represent this ward on the important issues for the next four years. Ask yourself how well this job has been done over the past four years.

Estate tax—You may remember that the Council enacted a new estate tax law last year. The Ward 3 Council member voted for that measure four times. After it was passed the *Post* sounded the alarm. Then the council backtracked and killed it. Our council member hadn't done her homework. She didn't know, or didn't care, what that bill would do to us.

Schools—This year, election year, is the first

time the incumbent has supported the necessary funding for education. I am committed to quality public education which can come only from a stable school system. Stability requires adequate funding, which I will support. Wanda Washburn and I share the same goals for education and will work together effectively. But however good or bad the school board is, I believe it will be my responsibility to work for a good education for all the children in this city.

Libraries and Recreation—Each of these programs has a small budget, about 1% of the total. Libraries have been cut in real dollars every year for 12 years until this year. This year, election year, the Friends of the Library prevailed and we won't have to cut hours and services again.

Recreation suffered a 42% cut in personnel recently. You know how that devastated recreation programs. Libraries and recreation, both under Mrs. Shackleton's committee, make a big difference in the quality of life in the ward and in the city.

Now let's look ahead: You can expect me to take a hard look at the budget, do my homework on legislation, and be accessible.

• The Reagan budget cuts will demand new ways of looking at the budget, new solutions, a fresh approach. We must take a hard look at programs and see what's working. Some that aren't working—that don't help or don't help much—will have to be cut. The council, through its oversight role, can do two things: it can identify programs that don't work, and prod agencies to work more efficiently and save money.

THE REGION

According to the year's first water supply outlook report for the region, there is a twenty percent probability that the Potomac River flows will get low (below 900 million gallons a day) this summer. This forecast was issued by Cooperative Water Supply Operations of the Interstate Commission on the Potomac River Basin in conjunction with the National Weather Service.

Should a drought occur, local utilities will respond under a cooperative agreement expected to be signed this month. The agreement provides for coordinated river withdrawals to maximize the use of available water supplies.

D.C. Acting Fire Chief Theodore R. Coleman has announced formation of a regional group of fire departments to plan for major metropolitan area emergencies.

The group will make plans to pool resources and coordinate activities during major disasters, such as the plane crash, subway accident and snowstorm on the afternoon of January 13.

Almost half of the metropolitan area's income is generated in the District, but District residents earn less than one fifth of metropolitan area income, the District's annual study of income tax revenues shows.

The report states that in 1979, District taxpayers reported gross incomes of \$4.4 billion, up 8.7 percent from 1978. Taxable income increased 9.6 percent, to \$3.1 billion, and total tax liability after credits was up 12.6 percent from calendar year 1978 to \$225.4 million.

The Washington, D.C. area generated \$25.5 billion in personal income in 1979. The study reveals that the average or mean income for District tax filers was \$13,909 in 1979, compared with \$19,252 in Maryland and \$21,298 in Virginia.

Based on place of work, the District generates approximately 45 percent of the reportable income in the area. Maryland and Virginia generated 27 and 28 percent respectively of the reportable income. However, based on place of residence, the District has only 17 percent of the metropolitan tax base compared with the 45 percent of the income generated within the District.

Finance and Revenue Director Carolyn Smith said the figures are significant since the District is

• Legislation is the major task of a council member. I will ask three questions about any bill: 1. Is legislation needed? 2. Is this the legislation we need? 3. What will it do to us? In other words, I will do my homework as a legislator.

• I want to emphasize the importance of establishing a communications network to keep in touch with Ward 3 voters. I will meet on a regular basis with Advisory Neighborhood Commission chairpersons and presidents of citizens associations so that I will know their concerns and they will know what's going on in the District Building. We will all do our jobs better if we communicate.

You should know that my priorities include adoption of an effective land use plan and development of a comprehensive transportation plan. We need adequate funding for education, recreation, libraries, and services to the elderly. We need the best pre-school facilities we can afford for the children of working mothers. We need to increase the supply of adequate affordable housing for middle income residents, not just for the rich and the poor. I have published issues papers on education, land use, government efficiency, and will soon publish a fourth on crime. All of these are free for the asking.

To sum up: I believe the new Ward 3 needs a legislator who will exert leadership in the total legislative process—one who is concerned about the needs of Ward 3 and the city as a whole. I believe it is time for a change. September 14 is the date the voters can take a stand for good government.

allowed to tax income based only on place of residence. Therefore, a substantial amount of the District's potential tax base leaves the city each day. Congress prohibits the District from taxing the earned income of non-residents, an authority all other states possess. Moreover, 4,450 cities in the U.S. tax the incomes of non-residents who earn income within the city borders.

Limited copies of the report are available from the Office of Economic and Tax Policy, the Department of Finance and Revenue, 727-6027.

Donna M. Jurick, S.N.D., Ph.D., 42, has been named the 12th president of Trinity College, the oldest 4-year Catholic women's college in the United States.

A 1962 summa cum laude graduate of Edgecliff College (Cincinnati, Ohio), Sister Donna currently teaches speech communication at the University of Denver. She is a member of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, a worldwide teaching order that sponsors Trinity.

DESIGN ACTION, the new architectural newsletter serving Washington, D.C., Maryland, and Virginia will begin publication in September. Supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, DESIGN ACTION will feature articles on architecture, urban planning, historic preservation, engineering, landscape architecture, and interior and graphic design. The first issue will include a calendar of events for September and October, a map of Art Deco architecture in Baltimore, and bibliographies related to the feature articles.

DESIGN ACTION is to be published by the Architectural Arts of Washington, D.C., Inc. with headquarters in the Pension Building. To receive the inaugural issue of DESIGN ACTION, send a tax deductible contribution (\$2 minimum) to: ARCHITECTURAL ARTS OF WASHINGTON, D.C., Pension Building, National Building Museum, Room 122, 440 G Street, N.W., D.C. 20001.

POWs Wow

Ken Bresler

When the Iranian militants released their black hostages shortly after storming the American Embassy in 1979, they thought they were demonstrating solidarity with black Americans. Instead, they did blacks in this country a disservice—by shrinking the pool of potential black office-holders.

A spell in a foreign prison is the newest credential for congressional candidates, surpassing a degree from the London School of Economics and a Purple Heart from Vietnam. John Downey, who spent 20 years in a Chinese prison as a CIA agent, is seeking election to the U.S. Senate from Connecticut. John McCain, a five-year prisoner of the North Vietnamese, has announced his candidacy for a U.S. House seat from Arizona. Eugene "Red" McDaniel, another former POW, has formed an exploratory congressional campaign and registered it with the Federal Election Commission.

McDaniel has described his six years in Vietnamese prisons in a paperback, *Scars and Stripes*, which he distributes as part of his proto-campaign. A blurb on the back of the book was contributed by Rear Admiral Jeremiah Denton, USN, Ret.

Denton is now a U.S. Senator from Alabama, who was elected in 1980. He spent more than seven years in a prison-of-war camp after being shot down over North Vietnam. When hauled before television cameras for a propaganda appearance, he revealed his plight by blinking, "T-O-R-T-U-R-E" in Morse code.

Such former captives make excellent candidates. Conservatives want to reward them as the servants and casualties of American foreign policy. Liberals want to grant clemency to them as the hirelings and victims of American adventurism.

But there is something disquieting about holding people in esteem merely because they have been held in confinement. How was it again that they came to public attention? "It was involuntary," John Kennedy acknowledged when asked how he became a hero. "They sank my boat."

Americans who have had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by foreign powers do not necessarily deserve hero status, and former captives who have been deprived, however regrettably, of years of education and professional achievements should not be accorded automatic congressional stature. Instead of being wary of candidates with black-holes in their resumes, however, voters seem captivated by former captives.

The notion of former-captive-as-candidate might become institutionalized in American politics. Massachusetts, for example, which now designates veterans on the ballot, would similarly designate former captives. The Former Captive Caucus would form in Congress. POWs led to cameras by their captors would blink, "Today, I announce my candidacy...."

The public would view prominent Americans who offered to swap places with hostages as opportunists, not altruists; hostages would refuse to be exchanged. Americans would go out of their way to be taken prisoner. Congressman George Hansen's two field trips to Iran during the height of the hostage crisis would be remembered as more calculating than quixotic. Hansen, an Idaho Republican and 1968 Senate aspirant, twice journeyed to Tehran, ostensibly to negotiate the hostages' release, but perhaps, according to future revisionist historians, in hopes of being incarcerated to launch his second Senate bid.

Recently in Maryland, a draft committee urged Bruce Laingen, the former American charge d'affaires in Tehran and a hostage there for 444 days, to seek the Republican nomination for U.S. Senate. Laingen flirted with the idea before declining to enter the race. He refused, however, to rule out a future in politics. Maybe he's waiting for a presidential draft.

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ARTHUR HOPPE

I ran into Death the other day and asked how he liked the Falkland fighting. He shook his head. "They're still too close," he said.

"Too close?"

"Yes," he said. "Listen to this British fighter pilot's account of shooting down an Argentine Mirage jet: 'I locked a Sidewinder missile onto his jet wake and, after three or four seconds, the missile hit. There was an enormous explosion and I felt quite sick.'"

"A decent human reaction," I said.

"Only because the combatants, despite all my efforts, were still in visual contact with each other. It's this close-range fighting that keeps giving me a bad name."

"You feel enemies should keep their distance?"

"The farther the better," said Death. "If there's one thing I've learned in the past million years, it's that the willingness of you human beings to kill each other is in direct ratio to the distance you are apart."

I said that was certainly an interesting theory and could he perhaps expound on it?

"Gladly," he said. "As you know, your weaponless ancestors were peaceful fruit and berry gatherers who shouted and growled and cuffed each other around, but they weren't much for killing one another."

"Totally uncivilized," I agreed.

"Totally. Then a guy named Al in what is now Centralia, Illinois, picked up a two-foot club. Naturally, he promptly bobbed his nearest neighbor on the noggin."

"Because the club was a powerful weapon?"

"No, because the club put Al two feet away from his foe and he didn't have to touch him. Bopping people is a lot less personal than strangling them or biting their jugulars."

"I can see that."

"Then came the spear, which you could toss at somebody with hardly a vicious thought. The bow and arrow was another tremendous advance. But the big breakthrough, of course, was gun powder. Once you could fire a cannonball over a castle wall, you could kill all the people you wanted without compunction because you never saw them."

"And that goes for women and children, too," I said helpfully.

"Exactly," said Death. "To this day, it's an atrocity to kill a woman or a child with a bayonet or even, as in such cases as My Lai, with rifle bullets or machinegun fire. But it is perfectly per-

missible, in fact quite laudable, to do so with long-range artillery shells or bombs dropped from high-flying aircraft."

"We've certainly made great progress when it comes to separating ourselves from our enemies," I said. "And now that we've achieved the ultimate with nuclear weapons..."

"Oh, nuclear weapons aren't the ultimate," said Death. "The ultimate is the intercontinental ballistic missile. They make it possible for you to wipe out your enemies half a world away. They'll be naught but blips on a screen. And as the leaders in their war rooms fire their ICBMs, the blips will wink out one by one."

"This is the way the world ends, then, not with a bang but with a blip, blip, blip?"

"It will be as easy as a game of Space Invaders," he said reassuringly, "because you humans and I will have at last achieved the perfect relationship."

"What's that?" I asked nervously.

"Nothing personal," said Death, rubbing his hands. "Nothing personal."

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National and international experts in the fields of sex education and sex therapy will lead two workshops at The American University this summer.

"Sex and Family Life Education and Counseling," July 11-16, and "Advanced Sex Therapy—In-Depth Approach," July 18-22, are sponsored by the International Council of Sex Education and Parenthood and the National Family Planning and Reproductive Health Association.

The workshops may be taken for continuing education or graduate credits. Fees vary according to the type of registration from \$185 for two days' attendance to \$552 for American University degree students.

For further information, contact the International Council of Sex Education and Parenthood, 5010 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Suite 304, Washington, D.C. 20016, or phone 686-6816.

The D.C. Directory of Volunteer Opportunities for Youth has just been published. Copies of the directory have been distributed to counselors at public and private schools in the District, to every public library and to recreation centers throughout the city. Or the Volunteer Clearinghouse will be glad to help youth searching for summer work. Their number: 638-2664.